JOHN BULL, week ending July 8, 1944

JOHN BULL

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3D EVERY THURSDAY

ARE WE TOO CAUTIOUS? by The EDITOR

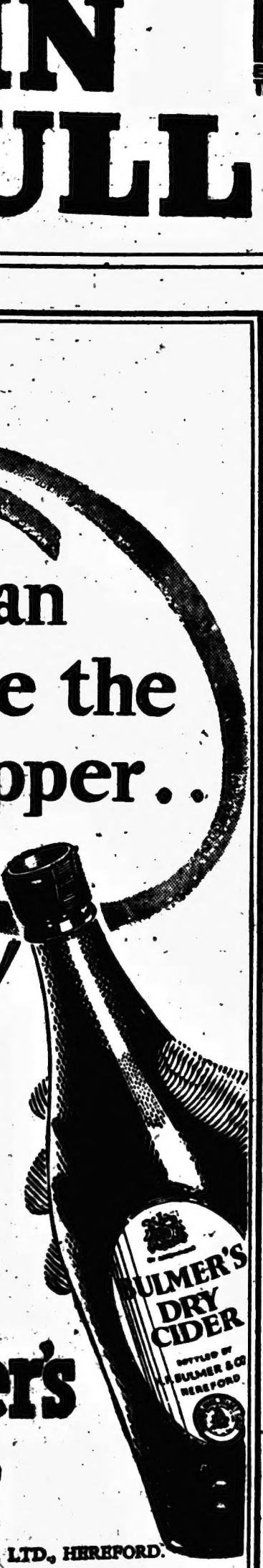
WOMEN PIMPERNELS CHEAT GESTAPO

JAPAN'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED TOO! by A.C.G.

You can replace the stopper . .

we can't!

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. To help conserve vital stocks of rubber and at the same time maintain your supplies of Bulmers, please see that the stoppers are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'



Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER AND CO., LTD., HEREFORD.

Lifebuoy in the home means protection for the family, because wherever it's used its antiseptic lather washes away the germs with the dirt.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

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FOOD FACTS

When the Butcher says "Only Pork to-day, Madam"

Now that our armies are using more beef and mutton than ever before, don't grumble when you have to take your meat ration in pork rather more often than you would choose. It is this steady stream of pork from Canada and the United States which is helping us to keep the meat ration at its present level. And this is no pig in a poke. It may come in joints to which you are unaccustomed, it may be darker in colour than our home-killed pork, but it is first-class meat for all that.

The Radio Doctor says:—

"Is it true that you can't eat pork unless there's an R in the month? No, if you like it, as most of us do, just you eat it. It's all my eye about the R in the month. Pork needs more cooking than other meat — it should always be well cooked — but you want to do that at any time of the year, and pork is just as digestible in June as December."

FAMILY PORK PIE

Ingredients: 6 oz. pastry, ½ lb. pork cut in cubes, 1 lb. potatoes sliced, a few spring onions chopped finely, 4 level teaspoons sage, 1 level tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, ¼ pint stock or water. *Method:* Grease a pie dish. Arrange the pork, potatoes, and onions in layers. Mix the sage, flour and seasoning together. Sprinkle this on top of each layer of onion. Pour the stock over all the ingredients. Cover with the pastry and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour.

POINTS NEWS Period 13:
June 25 to July 22.
There will be no change in the value of General or Personal Points Coupons: General A—1, B—2, C—3; Personal D—1, E—2.
REDUCTIONS. There will be a general reduction of about one-third in the points values of Portuguese and Moroccan sardines. The points value of the most popular size, which is the ¼ club 30 mm. is reduced from 6 to 4. The very small supply of canned Rabbit is also reduced in points value, 1 lb.—8, 2 lb.—16, any other size or loose 8 per lb.

Listen to the KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 208

How to choose Bread

Bread is of such vital importance in the Nation's diet that people who wish to keep themselves perfectly fit —and that surely means everyone— should select their bread with the greatest judgment.

All breads are good, but some, because of their whole-wheat content, the method of milling etc., are more nourishing and health giving.

Allinson Bread is brown in colour, but it differs from ordinary brown, wheatmeal or wholemeal bread, for it contains a greater percentage of the whole-wheat. The flour from which Allinson Bread is made is stone-milled to the ideal texture, the method which thoroughly crushes the nourishing wheat germ and helps to give the Allinson loaf its delicious "nutty" flavour. It also contains the outer covering of wheat— Nature's corrective of constipation, and of the many ills arising from this condition. Allinson Bread keeps fresh longer, and gives you "health without medicine." Many doctors, dentists and food experts recommend it.

Allinson Bread is supplied by good bakers throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Where difficulties are experienced the preference — indeed the need —for Allinson Bread is adequately satisfied by using Allinson Flour, sold in 3 lb. and 6 lb. bags by bakers, grocers and stores for home baking. A recipe for home bread making is printed on every bag.

Allinson Bread and Flour are sold at popular prices. Name of local suppliers sent on application. Allinson Ltd. 210 Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2.

A prize even in peace-time —this Chocolate Neapolitan Cake

HERE'S a real prize chocolate cake for a birthday or party. It looks every bit as good as peace-time, doesn't it?

INGREDIENTS: Plain Mixture: *2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; pinch bicarbonate soda; 4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 level tablespoon dried egg; 8 to 10 tablespoons warm water.*

Chocolate Mixture: *2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. sugar; pinch bicarbonate soda; 4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 level tablespoon dried egg; 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa; 8 to 10 tablespoons warm water.*

METHOD: *Plain Mixture:* Slightly warm margarine and sugar. Add pinch of soda and beat. Add dried egg (dry) and beat well. Gradually pour on warm water, beating all the time. Fold in flour and bake in a flat tin 10 to 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

Chocolate Mixture: Use same method as for plain mixture, but sift flour and Rowntree's Cocoa together before folding into mixture.

When both cakes are baked, turn out and leave to cool. Spread each with chocolate filling and cut into four. Pile sections on top of one another, leaving a chocolate layer for the top. Ice with remaining filling and decorate, or leave plain.

Chocolate Filling: Melt 2 tablespoons sugar in 4 tablespoons hot water. Add 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa and 2 tablespoons household milk (dry). Mix well. When quite smooth, the filling is ready for use.

IMPORTANT. So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does); and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa *For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)*

CASHMERE CARDIGAN BOAT RACE SOUVENIR

No clothes coupons could replace it, so wash it with **SYLVAN FLAKES**

How welcome this pure wool cardigan was on the chilly towpath. How gay it looked under the soft lights in the tea shop after the Race. It has retained its shape so well — a tribute to your careful choice. You can still wash that cardigan, together with other such prized possessions, in Sylvan Flakes. These pure, rich soap flakes are scarcer now, so although they are ideal for all household uses, save them for your most delicate fabrics of wool, silk, linen or fine lace, whether white or coloured. In wartime Sylvan Flakes are packed in bulk. You can tell them by their firm, white appearance. Be sure you get Sylvan Flakes, and save them for those "extra specials." You get three ounces for one coupon. Weight for weight, they go further than any other kind of soap.

SYLVAN FLAKES

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Danger: low water!

It's no meteorological secret that we've had less rain in most areas than usual this year. Less rain means less water in reservoirs — and water is precious to our war-effort. It's needed for factories, for trains, for fire-fighting as well as for washing and cooking. Save every drop you can!

What do I do...?

I remember water is a weapon of war!

I see that all my taps close properly — and I rewasher them at once if they don't.

I use the smallest amount of water possible for all domestic uses — never more in the kettle than is actually needed, never more than five inches in the bath, never a running tap for washing hands or cleaning teeth.

I use the hoe more in the garden and the hose less.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

'Holidays at Home'

...but fun's FUN wherever you are!

Small Size 2 points 7½d. Large Size 4 points 1/1

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

Zoned — but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area

Favourite with *all* members of the family

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. W.X.48

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 8, 1944,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

ROADS TO BERLIN

GERMAN military spokesmen describe their strategy as "elastic defence." It is certainly elastic—and it is springing back towards Berlin.

This is true on all the European battle-fronts.

Third Phase

In Normandy, the third phase of the fighting has been reached. The first was the actual landing; the second was the build-up for a major offensive.

Now the great battle has been joined. Montgomery is smashing through to the open plains.

Breaking the Crust

Hopes are high. Our staff officers find it hard to restrain their elation.

Rommel's best troops are at the front. They are fighting gamely. But it is thought that there is little behind them. And once the crust is broken our tanks should find a sure path.

Missing Infantry

Already Von Rundstedt has lost five divisions.

He is not short of tanks, though he has many more Panthers than the heavier Tigers. But he is having to misuse them to make good the shortage of infantry, and to "dig-in" quite a few of them to compensate for his lack of artillery.

Hang the Weather!

Whereas Montgomery has all he wants. So much, indeed, that he has been able to provide the second great surprise of this campaign.

The first was Eisenhower's order to make the landing in unfavourable weather. As the weather has been even worse since then, the risk has been amply justified.

Massed Guns

Montgomery, too, chose to launch his first real offensive in appalling conditions of rain and mud, *without air cover*, but with an overwhelming artillery barrage.

Now, on the anniversary of our first European landing, in Sicily, we can judge that no miracle will be needed to end the war before another year has passed.

Tanks or Planes?

Enemy prisoners are bitter. They complain that the *Luftwaffe* gave them support only for a day or two, then was withdrawn, perhaps to be kept for the defence of the Reich itself.

Or are the Germans so short of oil that supplies have to be earmarked for Rommel's tanks?

In Retreat

From the East the Russians are driving straight for Berlin.

Four Red armies are sweeping across the plains. The enemy's defences are broken and he is in headlong retreat, leaving his guns and ammunition behind.

Two Bastions

Vitebsk has fallen. To appreciate the significance of these laconic words, remember that this great fortress twice withstood the blows of more than thirty Soviet divisions. This time, in three days, the three-year defence was crumbled.

Minsk is no longer a sure German bastion. And Minsk was the key to Northern Poland, East Prussia and the Baltic States.

Heavy Losses

Italy forms the other prong of the Allies' three-way attack. There, as in Normandy, one hundred thousand troops have been lost to the enemy. There, as on the other two European fronts, his shortage of aircraft and artillery is marked.

He is blowing up whole villages to serve as obstacles to our tanks, but our advance continues.

Great Events

Perhaps it is not so fast as to fulfil Alexander's private expectations, but it is still ahead of the official schedule.

Alexander, indeed, is clearly anxious to beat the schedule. It may be that he wants to clear up Italy in order to lead a new campaign somewhere else—at any rate, the German spokesmen are convinced that "the present phase is only the beginning of events of a sweeping character."

Partisans in Action

There is help for our commanders from inside Europe. The Italians are fighting desperately against the Germans in Genoa and Milan. The Danes are firing warehouses and blowing-up powerhouses. The French have started to celebrate their National Day, which falls next week, by armed risings throughout their land.

SOS

The enemy declares that uniformed British officers are leading the Maquisards—those gallant lads who are taking the place of the million French soldiers interned in Germany.

But other forms of assistance are required from us, particularly tommy-guns and food. We should give all in our power.

"HOW GRATEFUL I AM—

for such acceptable assistance in my terrible bereavement," writes a South of England reader in acknowledging cheque under

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Gloom in Germany

Of Nazi power, morale is becoming an increasingly important factor. JOHN BULL has always been cautious in discussing it; we shall continue to avoid complacency.

But there is now no doubt that German civilians and German second-line troops are not in high spirits. We shall say no more than that!

Far North

Nor are the Finnish people, sold to Germany without their consent, in good heart for a war that threatens to crush them.

They are promised three German divisions for their defence. To supply these, will the German High Command have to withdraw from Norway?

Mightiest of All

But the enemy needs more divisions for every front. He cannot rely on war-weary Rumanians and pro-Soviet Bulgarians to stop the Russians from storming the Balkans.

Indeed, nothing is likely to stop them. Stalin's offensive is the greatest of all land campaigns, and it has not yet reached its peak.

Seven Years' War

Pride of place should be given in Far Eastern news this week to China. For it was on July 7, 1937, that the war against Japan began.

Now China can begin the eighth year in the confidence that powerful allies, who already are sinking Japanese warships by the half-dozen and clawing down Japanese 'planes by the hundred, will soon be giving her far greater assistance.

Flying Bombs and—

But there will be heavy losses and ordeals before the war is won. Our fighting men have a full-sized job, and even civilians in the area discreetly termed "Southern England" must expect some months of trial.

It would not be prudent to inform the enemy how successful are Air Vice-Marshal Saunders and others in their efforts to combat the flying bomb; nor is there much doubt that Hitler's barbarian engineers are trying to perfect another weapon for use against us.

—Talk About Money

Yet, if we can see things in proportion, the work of a hundred men in the quietness of Britton Wood, U.S.A., is worth quite as much notice.

Experts of thirty-four nations, they are discussing a proposed fund to iron out the ups and downs of world trade when peace is restored. A fund of £2,000,000,000!

Prosperity, employment and the maintenance of peace itself will largely depend on their recommendations.

Sage Advice

So far as Britain's share of world trade is concerned, our manufacturers have just been told by Mr. Harcourt Johnstone that in future they must cater for feminine taste.

But is that enough? They should study all aspects of foreign requirements. Hitherto they have been apt to suppose that would-be customers abroad, men or women, have the same tastes as ourselves.

Declined With Thanks

Lord Moran, too, has been giving advice. He urges his fellow-doctors to be more reasonable about the suggested National Health plan, to put the nation's interests first and their own in the second place.

But eyebrows will be raised at his plea for a Royal Commission to study the matter. We want that health scheme to be started soon, not in twenty years' time.

Passed Unanimously

Lord Maugham will receive general agreement, however, to his appeal for better scholarships. "The intellectual diamonds are there in the poorest branch of the community," he says. "It should be open to the poorest to obtain great positions in science."

Even Diehards are beginning to realise that education and science pay good dividends, so Lord Maugham's advice is not likely to be disregarded.

Good for Mr. Bevin

Better still—really admirable, indeed—is Mr. Bevin's extension of State enterprise. He intends to set up a chain of offices where men and women will receive expert advice on the problems they will encounter when leaving the Forces for civilian life.

This, with the State's acceptance of its responsibility for preventing mass unemployment, shows that some good is emerging from a particularly evil war.

(Continued overleaf)

SUSPECT

● Higher pay and allowances for fighting men and their dependants — the old demand still goes on.

It has been raised again in the Commons. The Government has been told that M.P.s and the Service families they represent are dissatisfied with the recent increases.

"It is the duty of Parliament," cried Capt. Bellinger, "to see that Servicemen get not only the bare necessities but that they and their dependants should be treated generously."

Agreed. The rates should be higher. Yet even belated "generosity" would not suffice.

There should be an end of the complexities, the means tests, the inquisitions and anomalies associated with Service pay.

Moreover, there is another factor which M.P.s are chary of mentioning. It is this: The Government has so delayed and dithered in the matter of increases, so often has it had to be forced by public opinion to give way, that even "generosity" on its part would now be suspect.

But the longer a complete revision of pay and allowances is postponed, the deeper the suspicion will become!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER —Continued from preceding page

IT'S been another week with the limelight mainly on happenings abroad—and very cheery happenings for the Allies.

At home both halves of the country have been getting on with the job (though there's been something extra to think about in the south), and few important domestic issues have been raised.

Home Early

Even in the House of Commons there has been unusually little to attract attention apart from references to the fighting side of the war. On one sitting day Members packed up before tea-time.

But in the debates one point emerged which needs emphasis. Mr. Sorensen said what JOHN BULL has been saying for months: wives of Servicemen who are expecting babies are being turned out of lodgings, and the practice is very widespread.

Do It Now

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health was unfortunate in her reply. Miss Horsbrugh said that inquiries were being made to see how far the practice of evicting these mothers-to-be was an extensive one. If it were common the Minister *would consider* action to check it.

The answer to that is simple. Whether the selfish practice of landladies is common or not it should be checked now—even if only half a dozen mothers are saved anxiety.

Out of Business

Twenty-five men who were employed before the war in a cabinet maker's works in Walthamstow will not have much chance of their jobs back when they are demobilised.

Their employers, a family concern, have been put out of business through Government red tape and mishandling.

Keeping in Practice

Talking about red tape, a woman ambulance driver in the North Midlands recently spent two whole nights on wounded convoy work. Her next spell of duty should have been easier, but she found a big-scale exercise had to be gone through. Which was rather like asking our troops in Normandy to take part in assault courses during the battle lulls.

VIEW

Panic-stricken Londoners have been flying from the flying bomb, according to Dr. Goebbels. About the time he reached his most sensational propaganda heights three hundred students of London University calmly began arrangements to return to the capital from Bangor where they have been evacuated since 1939.

★ ★ ★

The American general at Cherbourg shook hands with the German general who surrendered to him, and we're not sure it made a pretty contrast to the shooting of fifty Allied airmen by Nazi gaolers.

Prisoners should be treated with dignity, not friendliness. To most of us, this war is something more than a good-humoured game between rival generals.

POINTS

Bad Likeness?

'Phoning a photographer in Birmingham the other day to find out what it would cost for a picture of his child, a reader was told: "Mounted, 8 in. by 6 in., £3 13s. 6d. for the first copy and £2 12s. 6d. for every other copy."

Scarcity of materials, shortage of labour, increased cost of living—it will take more than those excuses to persuade us that such charges are not profiteering on a grand scale.

Paying Tribute

Twopence a cup for tea is by no means profiteering. And a reader in the Army did not object when he had to pay that one night at the coffee bar on Stafford station.

It struck him as a little odd, though, that railwaymen could get the tea for 1½d. a cup. Salute the soldier . . .?

It's a Scandal

Worse—so bad as to be almost incredible—is the fact that canteens run by voluntary workers for the Forces are being urged to put up their prices so as to bring them into line with the N.A.A.F.I. tariff!

Sandwiches now sold at a penny must henceforth be priced at 2½d., and so on—even though the present prices enable one canteen to make the quite respectable profit of £1,000 a year.

We can imagine what soldiers will say—and we're sure we wouldn't be able to print it.

No Fight

To help its "Salute the Soldier" campaign a town in South Wales asked a local youth organisation to put on a boxing show. Two months' work was put in on the arrangements.

Then the Publicity Committee met and a member of the Savings Committee protested against the boxing. He said he'd resign if it went on. He is an influential person in the neighbourhood, and they had to give him his way. We hope he feels very satisfied with himself.

Outspoken

Canon J. M. Swift, Vicar of Garston, Liverpool, comments on a recent article, "Marriage, Morals and the Clergy."

"Pallas seems to think that if a couple declare their love for each other, the interests of the State and the health of succeeding generations do not matter. This is sentimentality run riot. If love is blind that is the greater reason why the Church and State should keep their eyes open.

No Rubber Stamp

"Pallas thinks the clergy are no better judges of morals than other men. It depends on what is meant by 'morals.' All I care about are Christian morals. The clergy should not be expected to marry all and sundry without question. I refuse to be a mere rubber stamp."

We admire the Canon's candour.

Changed Their Minds

We also admire the way in which the Ministry of Labour has changed its attitude towards Mr. William Hunter, of Albion Street, Paisley.

Mr. Hunter, discharged after the last war with facial paralysis, deafness in one ear, and a maimed hand, was required to join the Home Guard. The National Service Officer thought he'd have to obey the direction.

Now Withdrawn

When JOHN BULL mentioned the case to the Ministry of Labour there came a vague answer pointing out that a lot of men invalided out of the Forces after the last war were physically fit enough for the Home Guard now. Of course they are. And many of the old soldiers have been only too keen to join up.

But Mr. Hunter was receiving a 70 per cent. pension. His case was different, and we said so. The direction to him to enter the Home Guard has now been withdrawn.

Swapping Boats—

Royal Air Force air crew cadets have a grievance. One of our readers, in a reserved occupation in 1942, volunteered for flying duties. He was accepted as pilot, navigator or bomb-aimer, and went through the marvellous training our airmen are given. When he was ready for the finishing-off courses he was told that he would have to agree to become a general air crew member—a gunner or a flight engineer.

—in Mid-Stream?

The alternative (for him) was to go back to his civilian work. For others not previously in a reserved occupation it was the Army, the Navy, or the mines.

Our correspondent is now back at his civilian job. He wonders whether all the disappointment could not have been avoided if, with some foresight, recruiting for pilots, navigators and bomb-aimers had been cut down earlier. We wonder that, too.

Army of To-morrow?

We also wonder whether sufficient pains are always taken to encourage the young men who are longing for their chance to fight. The commander of an Army Cadet Force platoon in Cornwall has thirty-five boys in his care. The annual company inspection is to be held this month by a brigadier, and the platoon commander asked for transport to get his boys to the parade—about twelve miles away.

He was told to collect the cost from his boys or pay it out of his own pocket.

Putting Tax—

An Inspector of Taxes has ruled that no allowance against tax can be given for money used to pay off debts in previous years.

A professional man who lived on the poverty line for the first three years of the war because people dodged their debts to him has paid out about a tenth of his increased earnings in the last eighteen months. He's been wiping off debts incurred when he was "broke."

—on Honesty

He applied for some tax allowance, or at least for an "averaging" of his last five years' earnings. It couldn't be done.

Which simply means that some outstanding debts will remain unpaid a little longer, and that the disheartened debtor will question whether honesty really is the best policy.

Black Cherries

There's a snag about cherries just now—if you're lucky enough to get them.

A Kent reader has seen cherries being picked by a scratch team of casual workers. One old woman was so filthy that he vows he will never eat another cherry until he's seen it properly washed.

Entertainers in khaki

These Stars Wear Battledress

MANY thousands of soldiers are stationed in wild and inaccessible places where not even the toughest Ensa party, complete with its female element, could possibly venture.

In the case of these isolated detachments, the Army has to entertain itself. By this, I don't mean—as the expression often does—that they are thrown on their own resources.

The Army has its own entertainment corps, the Central Pool of Artists, which has been created primarily to answer such needs as these.

I have been talking to the men who make up one of these "Stars in Battledress" parties, eight young khaki-clad musicians, just back from an 8,000-mile tour of North Africa.

★ ★ ★

They went out under the wing of their Commanding Officer, Captain George Black, son of the producer.

Sgt. Eddie Lester, singer and saxophone player, who leads the party, told me something of their experiences.

"We gave our show," he said, "to seventy-five per cent. of all the forces in North Africa, which often meant playing in some very strange places. Some of these places were so primitive and cut off that our show was the first the boys had seen since they'd been there and, in some instances, since the beginning of the war."

"The show I shall remember best," said Pte. Mickey Binelli, the accordion player, "was the one we gave in the open air to the troops who were due to make the Salerno landing the next day."

"We gave performances on the granite stage of the old Roman Coliseum at Phillipville," said L./Cpl Billy Hunter, the trumpet player, "and often built a stage out of packing cases containing 25-pounders!"

★ ★ ★

Soldier stars became attached to the various units they were sent to entertain, and were absorbed into these units as fully trained and mobilised fighting contingents, ready to pull their weight at the first hint of trouble.

It was in the hospitals that the "Stars in Battledress" were most appreciated. After doing their regular shows they would give extra performances in the wards where the patients—fracture cases, etc.—couldn't get out to the main hall to see them. They did this in their own off-duty time, of course.

These are soldiers, trained and ready for soldiering, doing the specialised jobs in which their peace-time experience is fully utilised.

The welcome they receive is sufficient evidence of their success in the matter of keeping up spirits and morale.

S. H.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

ARE WE TOO CAUTIOUS?

GERMANY is on the way out. This is not guesswork; it is a mathematical certainty founded on the cumulative evidence of many facts.

Yet, until the collapse occurs, we shall have to face, and out-face, the Germans' utmost malice. They will stop at nothing to do us hurt.

They have turned "Southern England" into a battlefront again with their winged but eyeless bombs. Our people are carrying on under this new bombardment with no less courage than they displayed under every other "blitz."

Nevertheless, "damage and casualties have been reported," and in some parts of the country the public, denied authoritative news, has nothing but a hearsay knowledge of events.

But we cannot believe that the higher authorities in the Reich have been kept in darkness by our official silence.

For instance, they must know whether or not London has been hit by their infernal machines.

And since the restrictions upon diplomatic correspondence out of Britain have been lifted it is likely they have been able to form a fairly accurate picture of the results obtained by them.

JOHN BULL feels that in this matter, as in others, the time has come for our leaders to weigh risks against risks and to ask whether we are not being just a little too cautious.

It is pointless to withhold facts and figures unless, by so doing, the enemy can be effectively hampered or deceived.

Rumour tends to spread when news is suppressed; anxieties are not relieved by comparisons irrelevant to common experience.

Thus, Mr. Herbert Morrison's assurance that the number of people killed by the blind bombs in the first stage of this bombardment was fewer than the total of fatal casualties during five days of air raids last February—though strictly accurate—could neither have discouraged the Germans nor consoled our own people.

It might leave people in the "Southern England" target area wondering what proportion of non-fatal casualties there is to deaths, how extensive the material damage has been, and the effect on production.

The Government has said that public morale has been splendidly maintained and that the military damage done has been relatively unimportant.

But we believe it would be wiser at this stage to announce our casualty figures, the comparative smallness of which might sustain that high morale while causing dismay to the German people.

And, risk for risk, we deem it less risky to publish photographs and plain reports of damage done in certain places than to keep on with the exasperatingly inadequate formula supplied by the authorities.

CLEARLY we must *not* let the Germans know how many of his flying bombs fulfil their murderous mission or how many are being destroyed in transit.

But we can gain nothing by concealing from him and from our own people facts which will not affect his policy in the slightest degree.

"So far," said Hans Ibbetsen on the German overseas radio the other day, "the new German weapon has not succeeded in stopping or seriously hampering Allied supply traffic into Normandy."

That is the truth, and, within the limits of that truth, continued secrecy appears to be worse than useless.

In this, as in some other matters, it would be weakness of the Government to yield to any popular demand merely because it is popular.

On no account must the enemy be given even a scrap of information likely to be of use to him. But let us be realistic about this problem. No consideration *but* that of national security should be given weight.

The people of Britain are not children to be screened and sheltered from hard facts. They have been in the front line before this without wilting.

And nobody but the enemy can suppose that they will give way to fear under the latest manifestation of his futile malice. Or, for that matter, under any other.

What we should like the Government to do is to put this flying bomb into proper perspective; to make it clear to the public how effectively and gallantly the long-foreseen menace has been met.

Hints are not enough. Already the Press has been allowed to publish some thrilling stories of our fighter pilots' efforts to intercept and destroy the robots before they can do great harm.

And the public has been told in broad terms that, while we aim at "killing" by fighter attack or ack-ack guns 90 per cent. of these deadly missiles and have not yet reached this target, still, we are well on the way to doing so.

Above all, let it be said in plain words that Nazi Germany has *already* failed in its main objective.

For what could the enemy actually have hoped to gain by this attack?

Surely, not to shake our morale? He must know that if he failed to do that when he was still able to send hundreds of bombers against us night after night, he will not be able to do so now with this new weapon, which is puny by comparison.

No; his dream must have been to create an effective diversion; to lure us, perhaps, into transferring too large a proportion of air power—and man power—from the battle to the home front.

Or, possibly, to tempt us to invade the "winged-bomb-coast" before it would be wise to do so and at ruinous cost.

If that were his dream, it will soon be shattered. For our strength to-day is such that we have no need to deprive our fighting men of any tools of victory for purposes of home defence.

We can meet the enemy adequately both at home and abroad. Even if ultimately a choice had to be made between the demands of the two fronts, the people of Britain would know how to make it.

With one voice they would shout: "Back up the boys in France! We can take it as we took it before."

Taking these various factors into consideration, JOHN BULL maintains, even against high Service opinion, that the Government is being overcautious in its "secrecy."

The public deserves to be told as much of the truth as it is possible to tell. The figures of casualties would sustain fortitude rather than weakness.

Possibly, too, they might do something to diminish the angry cries for retaliation which are now being raised in many quarters.

There is no softness in JOHN BULL's attitude to the Nazi murderers. We find no vestige of excuse in law or reason for their use of the flying bombs.

But we also remember the blows which Allied pilots have struck against *military objectives* in the Third Reich, and we do not believe that any kind of indiscriminate reprisal could achieve equally effective results.

For what we want to do is not only to win the war, but to win it as quickly as possible. The blind "vengeance" which the enemy is wreaking upon us is being taken at a fatal cost to the *Luftwaffe*.

Whereas our systematic and methodical destruction of his factories and communications is weakening his will—and power—to resist more surely than the killing of civilians could ever do.

Let us not be too cautious, therefore. Let the people be told the truth—so that they may see their present dangers in proper perspective, and accept them with stout heart, knowing they are not mortal, and having good ground to believe that they will be short-lived.

Norway's Sailors Pay For Their War

WE have all read stories of some of the thousands of young men who have escaped from Norway to fight beside their Allied comrades.

And the exploits of the Norwegian fighter squadrons which, flying with the R.A.F., have won more than 200 awards for valour, are well known.

But little limelight has fallen on the men who meet the bills for this great war effort of a small nation.

Most people suppose that Norway, in common with other countries fighting with the United Nations, is financed and supported by some kind of lease-lend arrangement.

Nothing of the sort!

Her sailors pay for Norway's war.

Her national expenditure is footed by the men of her mercantile marine.

★ ★ ★

Norway, at the outbreak of war, possessed the fourth largest merchant fleet in the world—a fleet of something like five million tons of shipping.

Nearly half of it consisted of modern vessels, including many fast Diesel-driven tankers, and a number of ships specially designed to carry perishable goods.

It is not difficult to realise what a valuable acquisition this was to Britain and the cause of freedom.

From the moment of the German invasion of Norway, every Norwegian captain at sea, without exception, altered course and made for the nearest Allied port. And within the shortest possible time they were making the Atlantic crossing.

These modern vessels carried, in 1941 and 1942, during our most difficult shipping period, half the oil and one-third of the foodstuffs which reached Britain.

At a time when every trip meant facing death in the shape of Hitler's U-boat wolf packs, something like 30,000 Norwegian sailors kept this fleet sailing and earned enough money to enable their beloved country to meet all its commitments.

Those commitments are many.

To mention one only, there is the very expensive training ground known as "Little Norway," in Northern Ontario, where the air-minded descendants of the Vikings learn to be tough fighter pilots with a record second to none.

Their training, their equipment—everything they need is paid for by Norway's merchant fleet, of whose earnings every penny goes into the treasury of the Norwegian Government, there to lie side by side with the country's gold reserves, smuggled out of Norway while the invasion battle was being fought.

And these earnings don't stop short at paying for Norway's war!

They enabled the country to make full repayment, on the nail, of a loan of 20,000,000 dollars which fell due to America last year.

★ ★ ★

Other such loans are due to mature this year—and Norway is just as ready to pay them.

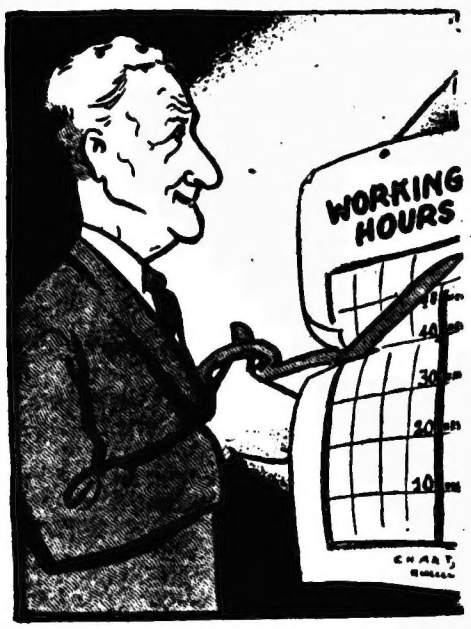
But figures are meaningless things when set against the heroism of human beings.

Norway's fighting men, on land, sea, and in the air, know all about the gallantry of the merchant sailors who have equipped them for the burning task of driving the hated Nazis from the peaceful hills and fjords of their homeland.

They will not forget their debt.

And when the Allies come to assess the final debts of the Second World War, let them remember that Norway not only paid her way in blood—but in hard cash.

PATRICK SPENCER.



Sir Walter wants to cat working hours to forty a week. He has a strong case—but there's bound to be controversy

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER CITRINE,

Secretary, Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Fifty, even twenty, years ago the suggestion of a forty-hour, five-day week for the working man would have been regarded as pure—or impure—economic heresy.

For who in those days could hope with any degree of reason to put forward a case for such an industrial claim?

Your Congress has no illusions. It is going to demand after the war that industry generally shall be placed on a forty-hour week basis. Labour's case is strong.

During the war men and women, in the national interest, have toiled willingly for sixty and seventy hours a week. Immediately after Dunkirk, when the nation's needs were paramount, the working week in some cases rose to eighty hours.

But experience has shown that such hours are not only bad for the workers; they are also uneconomic when they are more than a temporary spurt to meet an emergency.

All research shows that hourly output rises when the working week is reduced to a level where undue fatigue no longer exists.

You have a strong case, therefore, against those who would argue that the shorter working week would have a bad effect on production.

Success will, however, make more important than ever the way we spend our leisure. I trust that is one of the problems to which the T.U.C. will be able to pay more and more attention.—JOHN BULL.

"Doodling" Through

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

"AND so," said the man in the station buffet, "I said to the woman who came to the surgery door : 'You see, it's like this—I'm a healthy man and I want to know what's wrong with me. There *must* be something wrong with me when I want to go into the Tube to shelter. Now, I want to see the doctor to see if he can tell me what's wrong with me.'"

"You can't see the doctor," the woman said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," says the woman, "the doctor's in the Tube, sheltering."

"Well, if you ask me," said a little, dark, vivid man, who was winkling his way through a pint of bitter, "what we want are 'planeless pilots to combat pilotless 'planes."

"You know what," said a mop-haired being who looked as though his head hadn't had contact with a comb for months, "I reckon Mr. (censored) Hitler would like us to rechristen these 'doodle-bugs,' and call them 'jitter-bugs.' Not 'arf, he wouldn't."

★ ★ ★

Now, this conversation, I assure you, took part in Southern England during an alert.

Only a few minutes earlier I had seen one of the P-'planes coughing its way through the skies. Where it landed, I don't know. What damage, if any, it did, I cannot tell.

But because of this conversation, don't think that we in Southern England are stupid or vainglorious.

It has just happened that a common sense has assessed Hitler's Secret Weapon, appreciated its nuisance value, and has decided that it must be put up with.

I suppose the people in the buffet might be taken as a typical cross-section of the British nation.

They are the same type as the people I saw on a certain railway station, who, after noting the passage of a couple of "doodle-bugs" 1,000 ft. over their heads, were ready to argue and to bet as to its point of impact.

Southern England lives on. The people take it. They don't like it. And they don't scoff at it. They just carry on. They know Victory comes nearer every day.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord HORDER,

President, Food Education Society

DEAR LORD HORDER,—Once upon a time, when vitamins were still an undiscovered mystery, and proteins, carbohydrates, calories and other words dealing with the science of nutrition had yet to be bandied freely, our ancestors just ate and drank what they wanted.

The beer and beef of Old England built up a sturdy race of seafarers and adventurers. People didn't worry about balanced diet, about vitamin deficiency, about the lack of this or that in the food they ate.

I feel somehow that they were better off without that smattering of dangerous knowledge. And I am glad that you, in a way, have debunked the whole stupid nonsense about a finicky balancing of meals.

The nutritional experts are not without blame. They saw in the war a heaven-sent opportunity to put into practice some of their pet theories.

To-day there is chalk in bread. (I am not going to enter into that controversy. Let the experts thrash it out themselves.)

Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, C, D and other less familiar members of that tribe are emphasised and valued as though they were pets of science instead of things that have existed as long as matter.

The human body is a marvellous piece of machinery.

It works well if it is not abused. It knows what it wants, and it does not like to be over-coddled. War time feeding proves that.

The fact that we have done without or gone short of so many food values once considered essential is further indication that Nature can readjust itself to changing circumstance.

It would be too much to hope that when food supplies are again on the plentiful pre-war scale Science will give our minds and stomachs a rest. But we can still hope.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P.,

Minister for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—The curious case of Lieut.-Colonel Cyril Rocke, late Irish Guards and self-professed admirer of the deflated Mussolini, arouses speculation and anxiety.

Colonel Rocke, who was British Military Attaché in Rome from 1918 to 1921, stayed on there when Italy declared war on Britain and France, and attacked Democracy on the Fascist radio.

As a paid propagandist on behalf of Italy the gallant Colonel could hardly be regarded as our friend. Now, all you can tell us is that the military authorities are to report what action has been taken.

It has been suggested in some quarters that the Colonel, far from being anti-British, was playing a rôle and leading the Italians up the garden. I hope so, for his sake.

But bigger issues than that of Colonel Rocke arise. Surely by now your Department has enough evidence on the subversive and treasonable activities of men like William ("Haw-Haw") Joyce and others to dispense with reports from military authorities.

Reports are useless. The country wants action. And I suggest that in the case of Colonel Rocke his presence in this country for examination is highly desirable.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES R. KNAPMAN,

Farnham Park, Farnham Royal

DEAR MR. KNAPMAN,—White feathers, I thought, had gone out of fashion. I had imagined that this war was too serious for such stupidity. But women with this peculiar mental kink still exist.

I wish I knew the name of the woman who handed you a white feather recently.

This letter, in different terms, would have been addressed to her. Of course, she didn't know of your twelve years in the Army, of your experiences at Dunkirk, and of your five months in hospital recovering from severe wounds.

That is the trouble with these women. They don't know. Yet they don't hesitate to hand out their insulting feathers to anyone who strikes them as a shirker.

Their mentality lacks balance. Their outlook is warped. And more often than not they have little appreciation of the finer qualities which are hidden from the eyes of the world. You have my sympathy.—JOHN BULL.

Lord CHESHAM,

President, National Federation of Property Owners

MY LORD,—You are angry, it seems, because Birmingham City Council is seeking powers to nominate tenants of bomb-damaged houses made habitable by local authorities.

In a protest to the Minister of Health you express fear that a precedent may be created throughout the country.

Why? The houses have been as much concern to the local authorities as they have been to the landlords.

Do property owners assume that the tenant chosen by the town council committee must therefore be a bad tenant; and that, alternatively, all tenants selected by landlords are good?

The one thing that matters is that the restored houses should be used to accommodate those families most sorely in need of homes. And the local authorities know better than the landlords the most deserving cases.

Surely, in these circumstances, the members of your Federation should be willing to give up for the time being the right to name tenants?—JOHN BULL.

Alderman H. BARROW,

Lancashire Public Assistance Committee

DEAR ALDERMAN,—By appointing an employee discharged from the Forces to the position of acting relieving officer you have made a good start in fulfilling the pledge that employees joining the Services would not suffer on their return to civilian life.

As you point out, it may seem a hardship to individuals given temporary appointments to be reduced after enjoying a higher salary. But that hardship is slight compared to the hardships that would be suffered if ex-Servicemen were refused their old jobs.

These problems have to be tackled boldly. And I hope that the manner in which your committee has begun its work will commend itself to other authorities.

Cases demanding the patience and wisdom of Solomon himself are bound to crop up. They are inevitable when the whole vast picture of post-war employment and reinstatement is considered.

But so long as the responsible authorities are guided by one ruling principle—that other things being equal the ex-Serviceman must be given preference—the difficulties will not be insurmountable.—JOHN BULL.

Women Pimpernels Cheat The Gestapo

ON that soft summer day there was nothing to mark out the car from the hundred other vehicles driving towards Paris. There were German guards all along the road, and three times before they reached the Porte d'Orleans they were stopped.

At the Porte itself a German soldier searched the car. He hesitated for a moment over the luggage compartment.

Etta Shiber's heart beat wildly as she watched.

If he opened that compartment it would mean disaster and probably death for three people. But the extraordinary luck which had already taken them into this extravagant adventure held good again.

They drove on with the luggage compartment untouched. They drove on past the German soldiers, the policemen, the Gestapo, through the heart of German occupied Paris to No. 2 Rue Balny d'Avricourt.

No Retreat

In broad daylight, Kitty Beaurepos, daughter of a London banker, and Etta Shiber, widow of an American newspaperman, brought an R.A.F. pilot back to their Paris flat in the luggage compartment of their car.

He had crash-landed and taken refuge at an inn. Now, they were smuggling him away. It was the beginning of an amazing story....

There is one fact which I must make clear at the start. Kitty Beaurepos and Etta Shiber were not hard-bitten women, bred and born to underworld ways. They were two cultured and highly respectable ladies. You could find their counterpart in many an English town, and for them to risk worse than death playing the Pimpernel sounded fantastic. But it had begun and there was no withdrawing.

Life in the Paris flat took on a nightmare quality while Pilot Officer William Gray remained in hiding.

Every visitor threatened disaster. The smallest sound from the outside world had huge significance for two women totally unaccustomed to the nervous strain of danger, the shattering effect of mounting suspense.

Nerves came near to breaking. The ring of the door-bell took their breath away. It was also a signal for Gray to shut himself in the bathroom.

The two ladies had plunged into their adventure on the spur of the moment, and now, every new step had to be devised as they went along. As day succeeded day and still they had no concrete plan, the strain got steadily worse.

Himmler's Bureaucrat

And then one night as they sat drinking coffee after dinner, the door-bell rang, and this time, somehow, it rang differently. Its note remains with Mrs. Shiber to this day, whenever she thinks of Paris and the past.

The maid came in with a dead white face.

"The Germans are here," she said.

There was a moment's electric silence when everything seemed paralysed. Then things happened swiftly.

Mrs. Shiber whipped Gray into her room while Kitty received the Gestapo agent. In those few brief moments both women were thinking furiously. The idea occurred to Etta Shiber while she listened to the deep German voice in the next room.

From the very beginning she had noticed a resemblance between Gray and her dead brother. She still had her brother's papers and passport. Gray looked drawn and unshaven. Supposing....

She jerked out her idea to him. In a flash he had stripped off his outer clothing and climbed into bed. A towel round his head, a few adjustments to the bedclothes and the stage was set....

The Gestapo agent strode into the room. "My brother is very ill, I'm afraid," she said.

"Papers," snapped the Nazi.

Mrs. Shiber produced the papers of her dead brother. The Nazi glanced from the photo to Gray, who lay simulating a coma. The papers were handed back without comment. Mrs. Shiber relaxed momentarily. But she had not counted on the methodical German technique.

"The list of tenants, please," the Nazi said to the housekeeper. A spasm of horror shook Etta suddenly. She had a flashing glimpse of what the Nazis sometimes did to men—and even women.

"I do not find the name of Madame's brother on the list," the Nazi said.

This was the end before they had really begun.

But Kitty suddenly intervened. 'Goodness—it's no crime to forget a name, is it? Irving isn't a regular tenant here—he's only been here since he was ill."

Etta held her breath and the next few seconds seemed like an age. The Nazi officer sat down slowly at the table, put on his glasses and took out his fountain pen. There was absolute silence in the flat.

Then, very neatly and precisely, he proceeded to add Irving's name to the list of tenants in his own writing! He left shortly afterwards. At once all three held consultation. Things were getting far too hot.

At this point in the story a man named Chancel, an old friend of Kitty's, met them one day, and once again their luck held good.

When he heard that they were hiding an R.A.F. officer in their flat, he revealed some astounding details about an underground system specially designed for the express purpose of smuggling men out of France.

The system was complete with a secret room, very comfortably furnished where men could remain in hiding, and forged travel permits indistinguishable from the real thing.

There remained a big difficulty. Gray spoke no French and was unmistakably Anglo-Saxon. In the end they decided that he must be smuggled out of Paris in the same way that they had smuggled him in—via the luggage compartment.

Protected by the Red Cross badge, the rescue car drove safely past German armed Patrols

At once another difficulty arose. They had very little petrol. Chancel supplied an answer to that one.

"You ladies belong to the Foyer du Soldat. . . . It's still operating under the Germans . . . They are perfectly willing to have someone else take part of the job of feeding the prisoners of war. Offer your services and your car. . . ."

Thus Etta and Kitty came by Red Cross emblems, ten gallons of petrol a week, and a perfect excuse for moving about the country.

Secret Police Arrive

Some days later, Pilot Officer Gray reached Marseilles safely. The methods of getting across to England are too well known to need repetition. It is far more interesting to trace the later operations of the two women Pimpernels who continued to work from their Paris flat.

In fact, they not only continued to work. They enlarged their whole system, until, in the end, no fewer than 150 Britons had been smuggled through the heart of Paris and away again.

It needed the help of a postman who saw that their letters never reached the German censorship bag, a doctor, a priest and several café proprietors.

Time and again the small car, protected by its Red Cross insignia, swept to and fro across France, and always, in the luggage compartment, crouched another British passenger on the way to freedom.

A hundred and fifty men set on the road to Britain. A hundred and fifty incredible adventures. And then, one morning, came the men they had always dreaded, and yet hoped might never arrive.

Two men they were in civilian clothes, with badges glinting in the morning sun and the terrible insignia, German Secret Police. They were arrested. They were grilled. The game was nearly up. . . .

There followed some prison experiences and court scenes which Etta Shiber records very vividly in her remarkable book, *Paris Underground*, just published by Harrap, price 10s. 6d.

Kitty Beaurepos was sentenced to death, Etta Shiber to a long term of imprisonment. In the end, after long and terrible sufferings, Mrs. Shiber was exchanged for the famous German spy, Johanna Hofmann. The fate of Kitty Beaurepos remains in doubt—it is not known whether the death sentence was carried out or not.

I recommend this immensely readable book to anyone with a taste for Pimpernel adventure.

Food and Medicine from the Sea-Bed

IN the post-war world, when shortages will have to be quickly overcome, the experts will have to call upon every available resource if, as we hope, an era of peace and plenty is to become a reality instead of just "a plan."

It may surprise you to know that the sea-bed will probably play a big part in easing shortages of certain essentials.

Simon Lake, a seventy-six-year-old submarine expert, who has made a careful study of this subject, is confident that there is more than enough food to supply every individual in the world with more than one good square meal a day, lying at the bottom of the ocean.

★ ★ ★

Like so many other people, he is confident that food is not the only product which can be secured from the seas. Coal, oil and many other rich minerals he says can be extracted.

Dr. Ernest Berle, Research Professor at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, is another with similar views. He has developed a process for making coal from farm, forest and *sea plants*, to supply the world's needs at a lower cost than any other synthetic method.

The new process is reported to telescope into a few hours—with heat and pressure—what nature took a million years to do in forming coal and oil.

Seaweed—the same stuff that we used to collect as children on the beach—is already being farmed off the coast of Southern California.

Three thousand acres are cultivated on the sea-bed. The "harvesting" is carried out by powerful barges measuring 100 ft. in length and 30 ft. in width.

They have great underwater knives fitted which slice off the thick growth of kelp or seaweed. So quickly does seaweed grow that 100,000 tons of kelp are harvested each year.

Different types of seaweed—and sea plants—are used for a variety of important items. Soups, tobacco, and a special flour for people suffering from a dread illness are just a few.

In it is the basic raw material of over fifty different foods and household needs. Nearly sixty items, from soap to jellies, are the result of Japan's use of seaweed

It is the cellulose in seaweed that will probably have one of the greatest attractions for us, for it is the basic raw material for one of the methods of making artificial silk. The same applies to certain plastics.

★ ★ ★

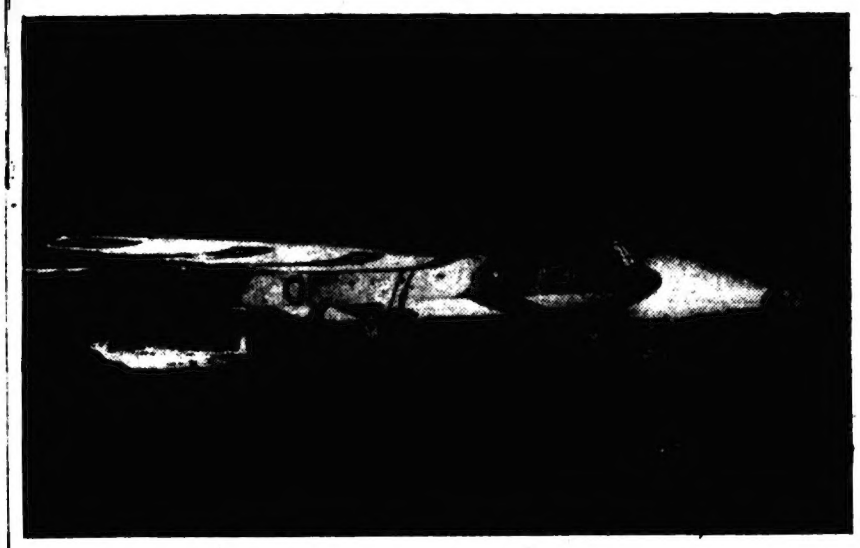
Since the war, a new interest in seaweed has resulted in much research.

I heard only recently of some foreign doctors who are confident that a seaweed diet will preserve teeth and stop falling hair!

In the post-war world the sea bed, properly "farmed," is going to play a very important part in modern development.

Perhaps in twenty years' time we may be wearing clothes made from sea-plants, parachute to earth on the end of parachutes produced from seaweed—and have meals that have been grown on the sea-bed!

FRANK GRAY.



This glider took off on the eve of D-Day for a sickening journey.

TIGER-KILLING WITH AN AIRBORNE GUN

By JOHN CASHEL

LET me tell the story of one of Montgomery's surprises —five men who flew to Normandy in a glider with an anti-tank gun big enough to kill "Tigers" and with its tow-jeep.

A half-bottle of whisky comes into it, too—as an illustration of the spirit in adversity of these sons of an airborne gun.

The five were members of the "Light Brigade." Their job was to "hang on by their eyelids" and to take on as best they could the enemy's heavy tanks and guns till ours could be sea-landed.

Their trip on D-Day evening was a sickening see-saw in the heaving and pitching glider. It didn't improve their feelings to have as companions a gun and a jeep straining at their moorings and threatening to run amok like a couple of bulls in a china shop.

But the great glider held them well in hand and came down without a crash in a field littered with others that hadn't all been so lucky.

THEY WORKED FAST

Shells shrieked and bullets whipped around. The field was five miles inland between the sea and the prize town of Caen, where the first heavy fighting developed.

Scrambling out of the machine went Gunner R. Pratt, 4th Air Landing Anti - Tank Battery, Royal Artillery, who was the gun's layer and is a Londoner from Dagenham, his sergeant, the jeep driver, and two glider pilots.

They were a scratch team. Some of the normal gun crew got "lost" somewhere in transit. But their substitutes improvised themselves so resourcefully that in a fateful fight next day a glider captain was acting as the layer's loader.

The men joked and smiled despite the heavy enemy fire and the risk of their heads being bumped as containers of ammunition, food and other supplies rained down on the field from the tow-planes which had cast off the gliders.

And they worked fast. In five minutes they had the glider's tail off and had unloaded their gun and jeep.

Then the jeep took the gun in tow to find a position from which they could ambush the expected Tiger tanks or any other suitable big game that came their way.

Soon they had the gun in position, well camouflaged, and supported by a section of paratroops.

Snipers were springing up like mushrooms. The long grass and dense early summer foliage were ideal for them. Their bullets were like an unceasing crack of a whip over the gunners' heads.

GRENADE THAT MISSED

Why nobody was hit seemed a mystery. Perhaps the Jerries, though knowing the countryside and having all the initial advantages, were so frightened that they were firing blindly just to keep their spirits up!

They blazed away wildly with Spandaus as well as rifles. Gunner Pratt didn't try to count the rounds they wasted on him and his pals, but the number must have run into thousands. He never once saw a sniper, and doubts whether one ever saw him.

No Tigers showed themselves to the five hunters that night, though less than half a mile ahead hell was breaking loose on the 12th Paratroops, Yorkshire Regiment.

With no time to dig in, they had blown slit - trenches with gelignite and were ready to withstand an attack by 88-mm. self-propelled guns.

Shells from these and heavy mortar fire showered around them, but they never budged an inch. Their own weapons were Brens, Stens, rifles and grenades.

When they used them after the enemy barrage lifted and his infantry started to come forward it was a stirring sight. They picked off the Jerries like flies and held them off till our reinforcements arrived.

Next morning we went forward and nearly took Caen; and, as the gunner heard afterwards, the world gasped at this intrepidity and apparent luck. But they came up against the 21st Panzers, and the "Light Brigade" daring wasn't up to their weight.

A freakish and miraculous incident happened when one airborne gun was overrun by enemy infantry and blown up with grenades. It was the sort of personal and odd thing that sticks in your mind more than the bigger battle scene.

One grenade hit that gun's sergeant No. 1 on the head and knocked him unconscious into his slit-trench, thus saving his life. Glancing off his head, it burst on top of the trench without injuring him!

Then, during a momentary lull, the section of paratroops with Gunner Pratt's crew discovered they had lost all their rations. Gladly the gunners shared their jam, bread, margarine and tea with their protectors, a picnic with the zip of more snipers' bullets serving as accompaniment.

This turned the conversation on whether the elusive paratroops, the chaps encased in a tank, or those with a gun and a jeep to lug about had the worst of the deal with snipers.

The gunners offered to change places, and weren't sorry they had their gun tucked away in a slit-trench behind some bushes in a field, and their jeep camouflaged in a ditch close by beside a road.

By now it was mid-day. Suddenly machine-gun bullets began to stream over the trench. It was as well they did, because the gunners at once got their eyes glued on a wood, 800 yards away, from which they were coming.

The glider pilot captain, acting as loader, spotted a Tiger tank among the trees and reckoned Gunner Pratt could "get a bead on it."

Gunner Pratt could. They saw his first shot send it up in flames.

They felt good. Not only at a first pot coming off, but at having an airborne gun that could kill a Tiger with one hit at 800 yards. And they knew it wasn't only the gun: it was firing a shell more vital than any it had fired before.

Then a second Tiger came out of its hide-hole to avenge the first, and they saw Gunner Pratt pump four shots at it and watched it career madly out of sight without firing a shot. They voted it out of control.

It took a third Tiger to stop the rot caused by these British "Light Brigaders" with their airborne gun. Its first H.E. landed ten yards away and put paid to a gallant adventure of the glider-bornes against heavier odds.

It killed the sergeant and the jeep driver, and wounded layer Pratt and the other two who made up the scratch crew.

Gunner Pratt felt the bones of his right arm fracture and his shoulder split open as a piece of shrapnel went in.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

In ten minutes the stretcher-bearers were alongside him. He reckoned that quick work and worth a tribute. He also noticed that when they appeared the enemy machine-gunners in the wood stopped firing. He thought it worth another thought because he'd seen exceptions to that humanitarian rule.

He'd one other thought. And it worried him more than his wounds.

In the jeep they were now having to leave behind he and his pals had a half-bottle of whisky with which they'd hoped to celebrate their first kill of Tigers.

He couldn't bear to think that a Tiger crew might lap it up!

Japan's

RAPID and momentous events since June set in turn our thoughts beyond the immediate scene. The possibilities of this fateful summer transcend the European theatre of the war.

What of Japan? Is the double event possible? Are we prepared on the peace front for the "all clear" on the war front?

As one hammer-stroke after another falls on the crumbling fabric of Nazi Europe, one impression deepens. It is the impression of the irresistible power that is sweeping in on the doomed enemy that only four short years ago overshadowed the world.

It is not material power only. That grows daily more shattering. In all the potentials of war, on land, sea and in the air, the resources of the Allies mount illimitably: those of the enemy shrink visibly.

They have lost the sea. They have lost the air. They are in flight on land. In six brief weeks Rome, Cherbourg, Vitebsk, Bobruisk, become to them new landmarks on the road to ruin.

NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF WAR HAS SUCH A DELUGE OF DISASTER FALLEN UPON AN ENEMY AS THAT WHICH HAS FALLEN UPON GERMANY SINCE JUNE BEGAN.

* * *

How desperate the material position is for the Germans is evidenced by a significant fact. They have given up the contest for the air.

The Luftwaffe is out of the picture. In Russia, in Italy, and in Normandy alike the German armies are left to destruction without effective air cover against the avalanche that descends on them from the sky.

Why? Because the whole industrial power of Germany is canalised into the production of robot planes designed to destroy London. This is the strategy of despair. The war is lost, and this is a last desperate gamble to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Men of Vichy F

FRANCE has provided us with three examples of major quislings paying the supreme penalty for their treachery, each in a different way.

Admiral François Darlan was shot in Algiers at Christmas, 1942. Apparently he was assassinated on the individual initiative of a young Patriot who refused to be taken in by his belated endeavour to change sides.

Also ex-Minister Pierre Pucheu had also tried to swop horses; in his case it was the organised authority of Fighting France that stepped in. He was systematically arrested, prosecuted, tried, sentenced and shot.

★ ★ ★

Philippe Henriot, the full-blooded Nazi-Vichy Propaganda Minister, has now met a violent death in a third way: a group of Patriots plotted and carried out his execution with the typical audacity and resourcefulness of the Maquis.

They masqueraded as Militiamen, the bodyguard of the Vichy régime, secured admission into his Ministry and his bedroom, and, seconds, it was all escaped, unchallenged nised, leaving behin bullet-riddled body o most hated and des traitors.

★ ★

Now, these three diff of punishing quislings be repeated many time after—the end of th German-occupied cou

From the standards modern civilised State applied to Pucheu is

But will it be possib the principal traitors war criminals who w world conflict with thoroughness and fa military tribunal in March?

I doubt it, on pu grounds.

There would hard judges and enough c and it might then tak it would all be over.

It could happen tha

Days Are Numbered, Too!

By A. G. Gardiner

If only terror could compel us to surrender, Germany, it is argued, might still hope to consolidate her eastern front and hold Russia at bay.

This is the calculation. This is why Goebbels' propaganda about the destruction of London touched the high-water mark of hysteria.

But it is not material power only that is overwhelming Germany. It is spiritual power and intellectual power also. "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," and behind our superior armaments is the iron resolution of nations fighting for the dearest liberties of mankind.

And no one can see the unfolding of this marvellous summer campaign without being sensible of the strategic genius that directs and inspires it.

The truth is that in the art of war Germany has been outclassed. Since she lost the advantage of surprise and her flying start, she has perpetrated nothing but blunders. Hypnotised by a leather-lunged impostor, she has floundered from one morass to another.

On the other hand, the leadership of the Allies has been marked by a spacious and imaginative vision as impressive as anything in military history.

This applies alike to the grand strategic conception born at Teheran and to the execution of that strategy. It applies equally to the great trinity of statesmen—Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt—who designed the plan, and to the brilliant soldiers, Eisenhower, Alexander, Tedder, Montgomery, and the rest who in their several spheres are carrying it to assured and triumphant conclusion.

* * *

That conclusion we are justified in expecting this year. And events warrant another speculation. It has been assumed that the defeat of Japan could not be seriously taken in hand until Hitler and his gang were disposed of.

This assumption no longer holds. Great things have been happening far away from Rome and Vitebsk and Normandy.

I do not refer primarily to the land war in Burma, though that has taken a marked turn for the better. The victories of the British, Indian and American troops on the Imphal and North Burma fronts have finally disposed of the menace to India.

And though China is still isolated, the prospect of linking up with the farther reaches of the Burma road into China are greatly improved.

* * *

But the war with Japan, unlike that with Germany, is primarily a naval war. Sea power is as much the keystone of Japan as it is of Britain.

Destroy her sea power and her position as a world power vanishes, *ipso facto*. Destroy her sea power and her grip on China, on Indo China, Burma, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies goes inexorably.

Japan, of course, knows this, and all her calculations in making war were based on this knowledge. She must be mistress of the Pacific, or she is mistress of nothing.

Hence the treacherous blow at Pearl Harbour. That, coupled with the lucky stroke against the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, gave her the dominion of the Pacific.

It put the American fleet out of action, and with the British fleet strained to its utmost in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, Tojo reckoned that he would have ample time to build up such an impregnable defence that he would be able to hold his ill-gotten gains against all future attack.

He was mistaken. Just as Hitler thought that Britain had gone flabby, so Tojo thought America had gone flabby. Neither of these bravoes could imagine that people who desired peace could fight when put to it more formidably than ourselves.

* * *

Tojo not only underrated America's fighting power; he underrated still more her industrial power. He underrated also the immense part which air power now plays in relation to sea power.

With what result? Japan is no longer mistress of the Pacific. America has taken the position from her. That is the fact that overshadows all else in the Far Eastern war.

It has come about more quickly and much more decisively than could have been expected after Pearl Harbour. It has come about as the result of the astonishing productive powers of America. In two years and a half, without lessening her part in the European war, she has outstripped Japan both in sea power and air power.

One of the Allied conquerors — Alexander — surveys the battlefield

In a series of battles, in the Coral Sea, off Midway Island, in the Bismarck Sea, she has delivered a succession of defeats on powerful elements of the Japanese navy.

By her invasion of the Marianas she at last compelled Tojo's High Seas Fleet to come out in reply to the challenge to the Philippines, and sent it flying to safety after suffering devastating losses.

And all these victories have been won almost without the American Navy itself taking an active part. They have been won from the air.

It follows from this that Japan's sea communications are now gravely imperilled by an overwhelmingly superior force. Tokyo, too, is brought within range of America's multitude of aircraft carriers.

With loss of supremacy both in the air and on the sea, Japan's prospects are hardly less grim than those of Hitler's Germany.

It may be extravagant to anticipate the "double event" this year. But it is not impossible. And we should be wanting in foresight if we were not prepared for it.

In that preparation for the peace, both in the Atlantic and the Pacific, one fact is of good omen. The Republican Convention at Chicago has cleared away all apprehension as to the attitude of America.

WHATEVER IS THE RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, THE GREAT REPUBLIC IS NOW FIRMLY PLEDGED TO TAKE ITS SHARE IN THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER.

...y Pay the Price

...oom. and, within a few ... was all over. They ...hallenged and unrecog... ...ng behind them the ... body of one of the ... and despised French ...

* *

... three different methods ... quislings are likely to ...nany times, before—and ...nd of the war, in all ...pied countries. ...tandards of justice in a ...ised State, the method ...ucheu is the ideal one. ... be possible to deal with ... traitors and the chief ...s who will survive the ...ict with the same ... and fairness as the ...bunal in Algiers last ...

...t, on purely practical ...

...ld hardly be enough ...nough courts to do so; ... then take years before ...be over.

...ppen that those whose trials come last—because they may be cunning enough to try to fly to neutral countries, and their capture be delayed—would benefit from an unfortunate relaxation in the public desire for retribution.

The fate of Philippe Henriot is likely to be shared by many others while the war is still in progress. But in the immediate post-war period I think that a large number of quislings will be dealt with summarily by organised groups of Patriots—sometimes by individuals who will take justice into their own hands.

* * *

Whether we like it or not from an ethical point of view, we must accept it as an inevitable fact that regular methods of justice will not prevail in countless cases.

We should take the news of Henriot's dramatic execution as a portent of the real temper of the people on the Continent at the present time.

The shots on the battlefields will not be the last to be heard in Europe when the buglers blow "cease fire."

VICTOR SCHIFF.

REAL DUTCH COURAGE

GALLANT MEN who saw Rotterdam battered by Nazi bombs, who fought against hopeless *Luftwaffe* odds, should be proud men to-day.

"Dutch Mitchells headed the attack . . ." So ran a pungent bulletin flashed from the Normandy beaches on D-day.

Dutch Mitchells. Sturdy armoured wasps racing ahead of the amazing Allied armada, weaving through the streaming red-blue-green lines of flak, gashing a hot-steel hole in Hitler's Atlantic Wall. . . .

Spearhead to invasion, they belonged to the Royal Netherlands Naval Air Service.

Few people here had heard of the Nassies. Few know even now of the blow they dealt Hitler during the dawn prelude to June 6, bridge-breaking, rail-busting, gun-wrecking, making it impossible for the Nazis to bring up their armour during the first vital hours.

They've developed, from a mere half-dozen planes rescued from Den Helder in May, 1941, to a hard-hitting force.

They began with tea bombs—dropping 75,000 small bags of tea from the Netherlands East Indies over the homes of the friends they'd left behind.

Out of Java

Some of the flyers were college-fresh; others were Rotterdam veterans. They'd escaped in battleships, in canoes, in home-made flivvers.

Sometimes they've flown home to drop cigarettes with the Ozo motto on the tips.

It stands for "Orange will rise again!" And on the cigarette packets has been the slogan, "De overwinning nadert—victory is nearing!"

For the past four years they have lived on the hope. Now it is coming true. Now at last there is vindication for a man who spent fourteen months in Nazi prison camps before he escaped.

"I'll be back to let you out," he told his fellow prisoners.

And he will be.

With him there'll be another Netherlands hero, Sibolt Kok, the man who flew some of the last planes out of Holland—and whipped the last Flying Fortress out of Java.

He had never flown a Fortress before. It was a crippled 'plane at that. To make it good he had to tinker it with parts salvaged from two other machines which had been shot to pieces.

He had to take off during an inky midnight from an airfield that was blotched with bomb craters And he made it. That fact alone typifies the flying skill of the Nassies.

I watched them staging dress rehearsals for the invasion, making take-offs and landings from the flight deck of an aircraft carrier.

Many of these Dutchmen had 500 or more operation hours in their log-books, and had flown everything from Dornier flying-boats to Typhoons. But they hadn't been trained for carrier-borne duties.

Living Legend

They made up for lost time.

There were no duckings.

Even the other day, when a flak-damaged Mitchell reared and dipped over the sea, and the pilot realised he would have to ditch, the sequel was an object-lesson.

The pilot left his inter-com connected, and all the other crews in the formation heard the entire preparation and execution of the ditching.

They heard the pilot's ice-cold order to send an SOS and to stand by for ditching.

Flying Dutchmen don't forget what the Germans did to their homeland

"It was done as if they'd been reading it out of the book," one of the eaves-droppers told me.

While another Dutch Mitchell followed the aircraft down and circled it, they heard the ditching pilot calmly giving out his heights.

Of course, they were speedily rescued. Of course, too, they were calm—it's the Nassie manner. For it was a Nassie pilot who shot down five enemy planes over France and, mortally wounded, gasped over his radio, "Please accept my apologies—I cannot go on!"

He apologised—and crashed.

The Dutch squadrons number many such heroes. One of the staff officers learned to fly Spitfires at the age of forty-two. With a friend he escaped from Holland by stealing a Nazi 'plane and flying it here through a welcoming curtain of British ack-ack fire!

There's the living tradition of Pilot Officer Koene Parmentier, for whom the Germans have a reward of £2,000 dead or alive. His official credit stands at a troop train, two dozen Nazi barracks, ammunition dumps by the score, two torpedo-boats, a U-boat—and twelve German planes in the air as well as innumerable machines strafed on the ground.

Target, Tokio

Many Dutch Government officials now in London—perhaps soon to be in The Hague again—were picked up from Dutch marshes and beaches long after the German occupation, thanks to Parmentier's courage and skill.

Then there's twenty-three-year-old Flight Lieut. Kees, an infantryman who escaped from Holland in '41, joined the R.A.F. as a pilot—and eventually gained the D.F.C. as a Nassie navigator. He has flown on fifty-four ops.

There's another slightly built pilot officer who wears the ribbon of the Dutch Cross of Merit. He escaped from a concentration camp in Vichy France, convinced that peacetime flying experience could give him a place with the Flying Dutchmen.

He failed the medical standard for operational flying—because he wears glasses. So he took up training in flying gliders.

Any wonder if, chalked on one of the first invasion bombs that blasted a Nazi gun emplacement, was the message:

"Remember us?"

D-day was a long time coming, but the men of Nassie never wasted a minute.

Just a year after their country was invaded and overrun, they hit back for the first time, raiding Nazi aerodromes in occupied Norway.

The Flying Dutchmen weave the last strands in the pattern of victory that will release all Europe from the German grip.

Then they'll be ready for the Japanese!

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

And They Dare to Call It a Home!

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

HERE is a scandal which has nothing to do with the war.

It is a scandal which has shamed the name of Britain for decades, which has caused ill-health and hardship to whole generations, and which is likely to persist even in the Better Britain promised by our statesmen.

It could not be better exposed than in a letter I have received from a woman who lives in Cambuslang, Glasgow. I reproduce it in full:

"I am writing this after reading your article entitled 'Diary of a Homeless Wife.' If my letter should never be given space in your columns, or even if it should never be mentioned in any way, I should like you to know that it has given me a little peace of mind just to set it on paper.

"I am thirty-two, and thirteen years ago I married and came to stay with my mother and step-father in this small room and kitchen.

"Since then I have had six children, aged now from twelve to one and a half years.

"So there are ten people living in a small house—and I have seen bigger hen-houses.

"To me it is just a living nightmare. My second eldest child, Ruby, attends a school for crippled children. I have a boy who has spent three out of his six years of life in a sanatorium.

"Now I feel that the worst misfortune of all has happened. I'm expecting my seventh child in September.

"Yes, misfortune. I think you will agree, JOHN BULL, that a room no bigger than a decent-sized larder, which can hold only one bed, is sufficient reason for any mother to view the arrival of a seventh child with panic.

"I can't leave here as everywhere it is the same story—No Children Allowed. And with a family like mine—well!

"Unlike your 'Homeless Wife,' I have never had a house of my own. My husband's employer typed a reference for me to take to the local factor, but the shake of his head as he handed it to me turned out to be justified.

"So there we are, eight people in a small room, with a boy suffering from T.B., all breathing the germ-laden air, and a seventh baby coming—and the dream of being a householder floating farther and farther away.

"The Government calls for 'more babies.' Like a patriotic British wife I say nothing, but think (and suffer) a lot."

That is her letter: intelligent, unemotional and—to me—very moving.

But I do not think the plight of the writer is uncommon. I know, indeed, that thousands of women are faced with the same problem—and that makes the scandal all the more evil.

It is rampant in Scotland. It is notorious in Wales. It has long been common in the English cities.

And not only cities! Everyone who knows the countryside is aware that it simply is not possible for a farm worker to rear a fair-sized family in decent conditions.

Even the new rural houses—that comparative handful built in recent years—have not eased this particular difficulty. For the designers apparently found it hard to believe that some people might have more than two or three children.

And the difficulty is likely to become worse in the future, when millions of men return from the battle fronts, and slum clearance schemes are put in operation further to strain the existing accommodation.

Has the Government, this Government that promises work and homes for all, any proposals to make homes available to larger families?

I have not heard of them. And to me it is significant that the Portal steel houses, designed to last up to ten years while permanent houses are being built, have room for only two children.

Our Ministers and local authorities should at last begin to realise that the large family has quite as much right to consideration.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. G. Barlow, of Aldwyn Park Road, Manchester, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information well worth inquiry.

Write about any suspected scandal, injustice or ramp to Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

EDUCATION OF THE HEART

● **The prophet Mohammed shrewdly divided mankind into three classes—the learned, the learning, and the fools.**

While to be learned is certainly something, it is equally certainly not everything. "You insist," wrote an old philosopher to a friend, "on respect for learned men. I say Amen! But at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—that all these things may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned."

Well, that's taking a very harsh view of learning!

Nevertheless there is this very solid truth behind that indictment, that no amount of knowledge can compensate for a lack of the real virtues.

What Sir Walter Scott once called "the education of the heart" is fundamentally far more important than the education of the head.

HUMAN MACHINE

True learning, you see, does not depend on what you get out of books.

It is dependent on your ability—and your willingness—to adapt yourself to life as it comes along; to see other points of view; to profit from your own mistakes as well as those of others; to be willing to admit you were wrong; to be willing to admit others were right—a much harder thing! This is real learning.

As for the fools—the man who can save a genuine fool from his folly has yet to be born!

Short Story

Old Wanderwits

By Will Scott

"Now where did I last have that box of washers?"

EVEN when he had hammered three times on Old Wanderwits' door-knocker, Smith was not surprised that there was no response. He was not even surprised to find the door open. Probably Old Wanderwits had gone out and forgotten to close the door. On the other hand, he might very well be inside, forgetting to listen to the door-knocker.

Old Wanderwits was like that. That was why they had always called him Old Wanderwits.

Smith, tired of knocking, went in. And when he found there was nobody at home he made himself comfortable.

Ten minutes later Old Wanderwits came in.

He didn't seem surprised either. He fumbled in his waistcoat pockets and blinked over his glasses at Smith.

"Hello, Brown," he said.

"I'm not Brown," said Smith.

"Eh?"

That seemed to surprise Old Wanderwits a bit. He stopped fumbling in his waistcoat pockets and positively glared at Smith.

"Of course. You're Smith."

"That's right," said Smith.

"Then what are you doing in Brown's house?"

"This isn't Brown's house," said Smith. "It's your house."

"My house?" Old Wanderwits looked astonished. "So it is. Of course it is."

And he went across to the mantelpiece and started fumbling behind the clock.

"Forgotten something?" asked Smith.

"Now look here," said Old Wanderwits sternly, "you can stop all that. My memory's as good as anybody else's. I don't forget more than the next fellow forgets. We all forget something at some time or other."

"Quite," said Smith.

"The way you fellows pick on me I might be *always* forgetting something. I might be the only one. There are lots of others."

"Oh, quite," agreed Smith.

"What about Porson?" asked Old Wanderwits.

"Who's Porson?" said Smith.

"Porson?" said Old Wanderwits. "You've met Porson."

"I haven't," said Smith.

"You've met Porson many a time," said Old Wanderwits. "My hat! Don't tell me you've *forgotten*!"

And he clapped his hands in glee at finding, as he thought, a bigger fool than himself. And turned away to look for something in the bookcase.

"What about Porson?" said Smith.

"Who?" said Old Wanderwits, coming back to earth out of the bookcase.

"Porson."

"Never heard . . . Oh, Porson?" Old Wanderwits chuckled. "Porson! Now, there's a man for forgetting. You pick on me. But you ought to have met Porson."

AND he launched into a rambling story about his pal Porson and a dripping tap.

As nearly as Smith could gather (for Old Wanderwits kept breaking the thread of the narrative to look under tables and chairs) Porson and Old Wanderwits had been neighbours once upon a time and Porson was more than one variety of fool. If there was anything that a man could forget, Porson would forget it and he was always having to appeal to Old Wanderwits to get him out of a self-made mess.

One day the tap in his kitchen began to drip and Porson asked his neighbour what he ought to do about it. And Old Wanderwits told him he could either send for a plumber or buy a leather washer and do the thing himself.

So Porson bought a washer. But being Porson, and believing that everything on this earth was meant to be left until to-morrow, he put the washer aside and let the tap get on with it for a bit.

The tap got on with it. And late one Sunday night it reached its finest effort. Its drip turned suddenly into a kind of baby waterfall, and Porson dashed round to Old Wanderwits in panic.

Old Wanderwits told him that if he couldn't get a plumber—which he couldn't, late on a Sunday night—the only thing he could do would be to turn off the water at the stop-tap and unscrew the tap in the kitchen and put on the new washer.

And Porson said "Thanks," and dashed away.

A quarter of an hour later he came back. He couldn't find the stop-tap.

So Old Wanderwits went round to help him.

The kitchen was a lake and a beautiful wide river was flowing down the hall.

Old Wanderwits swore at Porson and Porson swore at the wide world. He said that so far as he could remember (only he couldn't remember at all) the stop-tap was under the rockery in the front garden. He seemed to recall building the rockery over it, because it was unsightly, two or three summers before.

Meantime, what were they going to do?

Old Wanderwits said there was only one thing for it now. Somehow they'd have to unscrew the tap in the kitchen and get the new washer on with the speed of a flash of lightning. For which they'd want a large-size pair of pliers. And Porson couldn't remember where he'd last had his large-size pair of pliers.

So Old Wanderwits told him to stand ready with his new washer whilst he ran home and got his own pair of large-size pliers.

Which he did, only it took him five or ten minutes because he wasn't quite sure where he'd put them.

WHEN he got back the water in the kitchen was up to Porson's ankles and Porson was swearing the air a rich shade of green.

When Old Wanderwits asked him if he was ready, he swore heartier than ever.

"Right," said Old Wanderwits, and explained the procedure.

"When I get the tap off," he told Porson, "there'll be a terrific rush of water. If you're not going to be washed right out of the house, you'll have to hold it somehow. It won't be easy and it won't be nice, but you'll have to hold it. Have you got a large tray?"

Porson had a large tray and produced it. And Old Wanderwits told him he'd have to hold it firmly by each end, about a couple of inches from the open end of the pipe, and *push*.

Porson said he was ready.

Old Wanderwits said "Right."

Then he said "Go."

He got the pliers round the tap and gave a great twist. He gave another. He gave about a dozen and suddenly the tap shot across the kitchen and knocked a mighty hole out of the opposite wall.

And Porson with his tray stepped into the breach, shouting "Hell!" at the top of his voice.

For the surprising thing to both of them was the *noise*. A staggering jet of water hit the tray and bounced off in all directions, and what with the thumping on the tray and the sissing everywhere else it was all Porson and Old Wanderwits could do to make themselves heard.

Old Wanderwits asked for the washer.

Porson said it was on that chair.

Old Wanderwits said it wasn't.

PORSON said then had he put it on the top of the gas-stove?

Old Wanderwits said no, he hadn't.

Porson said then he couldn't remember where he had put it.

"Can't *remember*?" said Old Wanderwits.

"No . . . can't remember," said Porson.

"You deserve to be publicly choked," said Old Wanderwits.

"For Pete's sake hurry!" shouted Porson. "My wrists are breaking!"

And Old Wanderwits told him there was only one thing for it now. Porson would have to hold the fort whilst he, Old Wanderwits, dashed home for his own box of leather washers.

"We all forget something at some time or other," said Old Wanderwits, leaning against the mantelpiece in his house and finishing his story to Smith. "But for a man to forget the chief item of his tool-kit in a crisis like that passes belief!"

Suddenly he plucked off his glasses and began to gurgle. His shoulders shook and his gurgle turned to a roar. He turned his back on Smith, buried his head on his hands on the mantelpiece and howled with laughter.

Smith howled with him and it seemed an eternity before, wiping their eyes, they could face each other.

"It was the sight of sights," said Old Wanderwits. "There was Porson, pale as paper and looking as startled as a gazelle, hanging on to the tray like grim death and cursing like a Trojan, while a tremendous jet of water splayed all over the place—all over the walls, into the cupboards, through the door, and drip, drip, drip from the ceiling."

And off he went again, and Smith with him, until after another eternity they were wiping their eyes again.

"The damage!" said Smith tittering.

"Pounds and pounds!" said old Wanderwits, rumbling.

His shoulders shaking, but slower and slower, he put back his glasses and tried to look solemnly at Smith.

"And you call *me* Old Wanderwits," he said.

"How did the adventure end?" asked Smith.

"How *did* it end?" said Old Wanderwits.

"Yes," said Smith.

"You mean how *will* it end," said Old Wanderwits.

"How do you mean?" said Smith.

"Well, it's on now," said Old Wanderwits. "Next door. I told you. Porson. My neighbour. It's to-night. He's holding the tray now. I've just this minute dashed round from there to get my box of washers."

"This minute?" said Smith. "Why, you've been half an hour telling me the tale."

"Half an hour?" Old Wanderwits' complexion disappeared. My hat! When you get talking you don't remember how time flies, do you?"

And he fumbled in his waistcoat pockets and slapped his jacket and looked at the ceiling and suddenly dashed out of the room, shouting:

"Now where on earth did I last have that box of washers?"

THE ETERNAL SHEPHERD

LET not your heart be troubled, let not your soul despair, for He who loves the world, the world's deep wounds will bear. And He will give you courage if you but trust and try. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let faith in you die.

LET not your heart be weary, let not your purpose fade. God places lovely shafts of gold within life's darkest glade. And though war's stress confounds you, and agony be deep, God is the eternal shepherd and He findeth all His sheep.

★ If you are in doubt, write to **HUMANIST**, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

There is a friendly atmosphere in the schoolroom

ANOTHER CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE?

"SHE'S a rum 'un is nature," Mr. Squeers used to say. It is certainly true of human nature which has so many contradictory ingredients. The same man can be hero and coward, kind and cruel, saint and sinner.

A teacher in an orphanage is puzzled by the behaviour of the children there.

My relations with the girls in school are very happy, she writes. There is a friendly atmosphere. They work well, are good-mannered, and take an enthusiastic interest in everything we do.

But in the house—at meals and in the dormitory—they appear to be entirely different beings. I hear that their table manners are abominable; they are cheeky to the house-mistresses, and nothing seems to alter them.

Some time ago they had a very hard time in the house, getting up before 6 a.m., and doing a lot of drudgery. The matrons were harsh and stern. The girls were sullen and impudent. But circumstances have changed. They now do little housework and the house-mistresses are extremely nice and kindly.

They really want to be friendly with the girls, plan out little treats for them, and arrange all sorts of things to interest them. The girls are cheekier than ever! Can you explain it, Humanist? Have we all a Jekyll-and-Hyde nature?

It should be so easy to create a happy atmosphere in the home, but the house-mistresses are driven nearly to distraction in their efforts to achieve a well-ordered community.

Apparently there is no pleasing those girls. If they are treated sternly they resent it; if they are treated in a friendly way they don't co-operate. Exasperating creatures, aren't they?

It is a curious problem in psychology. I can think of two possible explanations and they may both be right up to a point.

There is probably a tradition in that orphanage that the girls should be little angels in school and little demons out of it. It began in the days of strict routine under the former matrons and carries on like an established habit.

I imagine, too, that the house mistresses have not been trained in the handling of girls. An experienced teacher could show them just where they make mistakes. The writer of the letter could make a difference in a week.

Another woman reader tells me that she has lost her former laughing manner and goes about like someone under sentence of death. The sudden change is due to a dark fear which is obsessing her.

I have to have an operation, she says, and I dread telling my husband and children. I am not afraid of the operation itself, but afraid I shall not come through.

When I look at my youngest daughter, happy and smiling, telling me about the fun she has been having with her friends, I just can't tell her. I want to shut myself up. I don't want to speak to anyone.

I have had to neglect my home lately and the little jobs that need doing have accumulated. If neighbours come into the house while I am away, I can imagine how they will talk about me.

I am just sitting by myself, looking at God's sunshine, and wondering if there is anyone else on earth who feels like this.

The woman is suffering from acute depression. She has three fears haunting her: (1) Fear of telling the family about the operation; (2) fear of dying; (3) fear of criticism by neighbours. To a man the last seems an anticlimax, but it throws light on the way her mind works.

She ought to take her courage in both hands. She should tell her husband at once, and the sooner she has the operation the sooner will she be able to laugh at her second fear.

But that third fear—"What will the neighbours think?"—has probably always been with her. Even the fear of death does not dispel it. Thousands of other women feel the same.

Is there any cure for worry? asks a man. My parents were both worriers over trifles, and I seem to be made the same way. I often lie awake for hours at night, stewing over some matter which disappears of itself in the morning. If I haven't a real trouble to brood over I get busy and invent a few.

I know as well as anybody else that worry does no good at all. In fact, it makes things worse because it undermines one's powers of resistance.

If only one could pluck out a worry as cleanly as a dentist pulls out a gnawing tooth! I am convinced that the worrying habit is inherited, and I don't think there is a remedy.

THE man begins by asking a question and ends by saying there is no answer!

It is nonsense to believe that worrying is inherited, but it can be learnt very early in life, and habits formed early soon take deep root.

His whole philosophy is at fault. He has no sense of proportion. His own affairs wax so large that they fill the universe. It might help him if instead of brooding in bed he looked at the stars. When the poet Tennyson looked at the Pleiades through a big telescope he said: "This makes one think less of the County families!"

Let the man study geology, astronomy, archæology—anything that will make his own troubles look as unimportant as they really are.

Write to "John Bull" About it

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

Sailors have a forceful adjective for the weather experienced on the way to Russia

OUR convoys are still reaching Russia, and there is usually plenty of excitement on the way. P./O. G. E. Bell, R.N., writes to his girl friend at Eardisley Road, Kingston, Herefordshire:

We helped to escort a convoy to Russia, and we had our share of "U"-boat attacks by night and day, so that there was never a dull moment; but we made sure that some of them did not get back to their bases.

The noise of depth charges had me worrying a bit at first, but afterwards we took no notice. Altogether it was not a bad trip, with enough excitement to keep everyone on their toes.

The lighter side of the trip came while we were anchored off the Russian coast waiting for our homeward-bound convoy. One night we had a choir of Russian sailors aboard to entertain us. A very fine programme, and the singing was thrilling although we did not understand the language.

We are permitted to say that the weather is "intensely" cold, but we have another and more forceful adjective to describe it! On the way home we had a film show on board, "Always in My Heart," and that seemed about right. bright eyes!

It Wants Courage

Sister E. Gardner, serving at an India Command hospital, has a busy and often an eerie time. She writes to her mother at Prince Consort Road, Hebburn-on-Tyne:

I am now on night duty, and I don't think much of it. You see, I am the only Sister on duty, and I have charge of the whole hospital, with only an orderly or nursing Sepoy on duty at each ward.

I am sure that this means that I am the only woman in the whole district of —— who is awake at night.

As all the wards are in separate buildings, I have almost a mile trek over the compound from one wing to the other, and all in the dark! The monkeys chatter as I scuttle along, the dogs bark, and the frogs cross my path.

However, we have our brighter and lighter moments. I have been to a Hindu festival with three officers, and it was very gay. When we arrived we had red ochre stuff dabbed on our foreheads, and so were properly initiated.

Before long a special hat was on my head and a tom-tom was slung round my neck, and soon I was enjoying the fun as much as the local people.

A Ghurkha soldier, proud of his voice, was asked to sing something especially for me, the "Miss Sahib." He sang: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" in broken English—the dear!

. . . Well, now I am just going on duty for the night. Good-night and God bless you.

The Road Home

The start of the great offensive in Italy is described by Sgt. G. Brookman, Corps of Signals, in a letter to his parents at Farnworth Street, Kensington, Liverpool:

. . . We were told yesterday what was going to happen, and we got little sleep last night. Dead on eleven o'clock our guns started—thousands of them; and the noise was indescribable. Greater it seemed than when the big show began at El Alamein.

It was a comfort to be on the right side of those guns. It seemed that if our guns did not shift the enemy they would shift the blooming mountains, to judge by the noise. Following the bombardment, hundreds of our 'planes carried on with the good work, and at last I think we are well on the road that will lead to home. I think the whole thing will roll up shortly.

. . . It is just about twelve months since I saw so many Germans wandering about like lost sheep, waiting to be shepherded in as prisoners.

Co-operation

Supplies dropped by parachute make all the difference to men fighting with the 14th Army in Burma. Gnr. P. W. Robinson, R.A., tells his story in a letter to the Editor, and the facts are vouched for by his captain:

We had been going through a period of heavy fighting. For a time we were cut off from our main force and all our supplies of food, ammo, etc., were brought to us by 'plane and parachuted down to us.

One of our 25-pounders had been doing grand work until the extractors broke, thus putting the gun out of action. A wireless message was sent to Brigade

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address alll letters to "Voice", JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

H.Q. asking for extractors which we urgently needed.

Within forty-eight hours transport 'planes flew overhead dropping supplies to us.

A parachute landed near the out-of-action gun, and some of the men rushed out to collect the package. There were four tins of biscuits and other items, and tied on top was a smaller parcel labelled, "Extractors—with compliments; Brig. H.Q."

Talk about "Service"!

Eating, Shopping and Peacocks

First impressions of India are described by L.A.C. R. L. Newland, R.A.F., in a letter to his aunt at Burscough Bridge, Ormskirk, Lancs:

For the first week we did everything that we promised ourselves we would do on landing. We gorged ourselves on tropical fruits and ice cream, we went into cafés and ate great quantities of eggs and bacon. Then we went into shops and bazaars buying clothes and knick-knacks, arguing loudly with Indians over rupees and annas, and getting robbed right and left.

After all that excitement we did a five-day journey by train, spent mostly in stopping at odd places for no apparent reason. What a panorama unrolled as we journeyed on! Elephants, camels, monkeys, parrots, peacocks and other animals and birds that we had only seen behind bars.

. . . Now we have arrived at a camp where we live in brick buildings with thatched roofs and verandas. Twenty men to each building, with an Indian bearer to look after us. He cleans boots and buttons, makes beds and does other odd jobs, and we each pay him eight annas (9d.) a week, for which we get smiling service!

Merchant Navy Forum

NO APPEASEMENT

UNRRA has it all mapped out. Whether Germany collapses suddenly or fights to the bitter end, the Allies in the first six months of liberation will need to carry to Belgium, Luxemburg, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Holland, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia no less than 45,855,000 tons of food and supplies.

Of this total, 23,000,000 tons will be sent by Allied merchant ships—Britain contributing six million tons of shipping. A great and intricate business!

Similarly vast, no less complex is the post-war problem of the Merchant Service.

No sane Briton wishes to see our merchant shipping decline to the prejudice of both our defence and our social security. And there must be no misunderstanding on this vital question!

When the first period of emergency supplies to Europe has elapsed, will apathy and torpor in high circles be regarded as the only respectable policy?

Or shall we have an International body charged with the duty of viewing shipping matters from a world viewpoint. Shall we see co-operation or competition?

★ ★ ★

Whatever happens, Britain must keep faith with her seamen. Justice demands practical means of repaying the vast debt of gratitude we owe to British seafarers as a result of their contribution to the victory for humanity.

When Europe has been freed and fed and supplied the Merchant Service will turn about, seeking mutual trade on the high seas.

And that must mean a secure job for our seamen, with an adequate number of efficient ships so that this nation can play its fair part in world sea transport!

Much has been done already towards framing a new Seamen's Charter; much still remains to be done. One vital resolution has been passed: "Seafarers of the United Nations will not tolerate competition between maritime countries fought out on their backs, and demand minimum standards to which every country engaged in shipping shall conform *without delay*."

WHAT'S IN A NAME, INDEED!

PEOPLE ought to be careful when they're handing names out to small babies who can't kick back.

If you're born Jack or plain Bill you've got a lot to be thankful for. It may show that your parents didn't have a lot of imagination, but parents can have too much imagination.

I've just heard for the first time of Dr. Happy Gideonse, the president of Brooklyn College. No doubt somebody meant well, but I wouldn't have liked to carry that about for fifty years.

Most likely it happened because Dr. Gideonse's parents were optimists and pleased. But what if they had been pessimists and angry? "Come here, Happy," is bad enough. But "Miserable, your mother wants you," is a thousand times worse.

On D-Day an unfortunate child came into the world in U.S.A. and got the startling label of "Invasia" tacked on to it for life. Another poor thing will always be Deeday Roberts.

Yes, it's funny for us, and no doubt pleasing to the parents, until the fever has gone; but wait till Invasia and Deeday are about sixteen. There *will* be something said.

★ ★ ★

Do you remember all the little "Mafekings" and "Bobses" of forty-odd years ago? I wonder what became of them? I've never met anyone named Mafeking Brown. And nobody'd meet me, either, if I'd been born under a cloud like that.

I suppose they're living out their lives behind alibis.

I've often wondered why men become hermits in holes up hillsides. I reckon that's it. They can't stand the ordeal of answering to their names on official occasions.

If you probed into their private affairs you'd most likely discover that they were named Blériot Channelflight Jones. Or Yo-yo Robinson. Or Chu-Chin-Chow Hudson or something.

★ ★ ★

If I were known officially as Hot-number Wilks you could look for me in a hole up the side of a hill.

Presently they will be coming up like mushrooms. The fever chart will be rising again. You'll see.

Alamein Higgins: Tobruk Thompson: Montgomery Eisenhower Smith: Blitz Blenkinsop. It isn't playing the game. Even when you're on the winning side.

Of course, you might be on the losing side—and that would be just too bad.

Try to imagine it, twenty years from now, in some little town on the banks of the Rhine.

If it happened to me, the hole would have to be a very deep one and the hill very far away.

Goering Goebbels Winkelhaus.

Or Stalingrad Schmidt.

A. G.

Lord Latham foresees an orgy of land speculation

Britain is Betrayed

IT is because of human stupidity that History repeats itself. . . .

Picture Christopher Wren, our nation's most illustrious architect, showing proudly to his contemporaries the plans for a new London that, encouraged by Charles II, he made after the Great Fire. Imagine his enraged grief when, because of "City" interests, his scheme for a boulevard leading from St. James's Palace to St. Paul's was scrapped.

Skip, then, nearly three centuries. . . .

The Government, despite the promises of a new Britain, have murdered the greatest town-planning proposals ever evolved by the human race!

Lord Latham, speaking for London, calls it "The Great Betrayal."

The people have lost. The landlords have won.

But for the war, processions would be marching on Trafalgar Square demanding "Down with the Government!" Mighty demonstrations would assemble in Hyde Park.

INSPIRING PLANS

In Hull, in Plymouth, in Exeter, in Birkenhead—in all the blitzed towns and cities, in fact—citizens of every party and creed and class would be meeting, moved by righteous anger.

And, in a few days, the Government would fall.

"Down with the lords!" the cry that ended the peers' right of veto, was a whisper compared with the storm of protest that, but for the war-winning unity of the nation, the slogan "Down with the landlords" would arouse.

I saw only a few months ago parties of schoolchildren being shown in County Hall the schemes for a new London—a wonder city with community centres, and with the playgrounds, the homes and factories located in a juxtaposition in keeping with the requirements not only of to-day but of the future.

Londoners—the people who, by braving the blitz in 1940, saved all Civilisation—looked with a pride at a city of dreams. The diagrams, which hung on the walls for weeks, inspired countless thousands!

But that was not all. . . .

CUNNING MEN PLOTTED

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the most trusted architect of our generation—the New Delhi, the Cenotaph, and so on—proudly displayed on the walls of Burlington House impressive charts and diagrams which were the result of the long labours of a town-planning committee appointed by the Royal Academy.

He lectured on them. They were criticised by experts, reproduced in the *Times*, and inspected by large crowds.

Plymouth, one of the worst blitzed of all our cities, started a voyage worthy of Drake, its greatest citizen. It went, in its planning of a new borough, far into the future. While preserving the traditions of its noble past, it schemed, so that its citizens would be part of a nobler future.

Proudly did Lord Astor, its Lord Mayor, publish a book about it all!

Coventry, the martyred cathedral city in the Midlands, also indulged in dreams. So did Hull, battered and desolate.

"Awake, O England, for the day is here" It seemed, now, not a poem set to music but a reality.

But, while the architects and the artists laboured, cunning men plotted behind office walls.

"Land is a source of profit," they said. "To Hell with all these mad visionaries!"

And, as has happened so often in the past, it was the altruists who lost and the artful men who won.

Despite the Uthwatt Committee's decision that it was necessary for rebuilding that the 1939 value of land should be a ceiling, the Government has just decided that it should be a floor!

VICTORIOUS LANDLORDS

So the cunning speculators who have been going around England buying up bombed sites will make large fortunes. And, despite all the "New World" talk, the people will have to be content with shoddy, scrappy, patchy towns and with cities without a pattern and without a plan.

"The Bill is founded on the doctrine that it is wrong for a local authority to buy land," complained Lord Latham, the apostle of a Better London.

"Before a town can buy a piece of land costing as little as £10,000, so that it can build a hospital on it, the town must hold a public inquiry! Yet it can build a £1,000,000 hospital—without the land—with no inquiry!

"So, as we cannot buy a yard of land for a health centre unless the owner is willing to sell, what about the 'comprehensive health service' we were promised?

"The Government's plans will produce an orgy of land speculation.

"Large-scale planning will be rendered impossible.

"In fact, as the Bill limits us to replanning war-damaged areas, it means that our planning will be determined not by the vision and the sanity of our people, but for Hitler!"

Read this death-sentence for all large-scale planning:

"It is not proposed that a single master plan should be devised by the Government and imposed on the country, nor that the existing pattern of land ownership or land use should be swept away."

So land-ownership, once again, has been officially worshipped!

It is "The earth is the landlord's and the fullness thereof" that should be carved on the front of the Royal Exchange.

"The earth is the Lord's," it reads now.

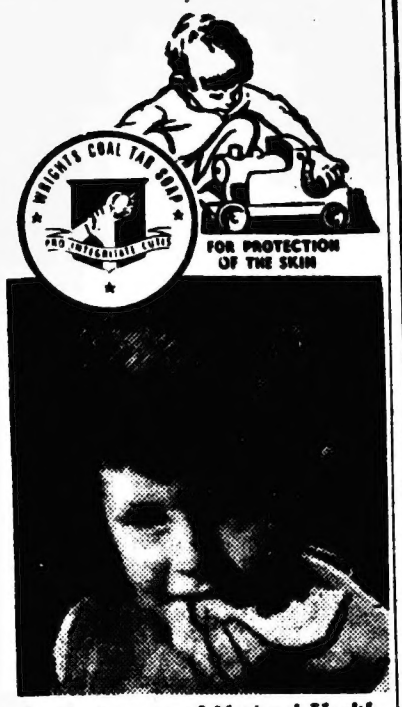
The golden calf, even in 1944, is a landlord, not always in a coronet nowadays but in a tall hat and with a big cigar and a thick, gold chain.

And even the people who defied the bombing must pay him reverence. Who are they compared with him and his moneybags?

Their duty, obviously, is to save him and his possessions—and then get back to their drab streets and their ugly towns. For they are "the mere populace."

Surely when the next election comes they will see the light for once, and sweep out of office all those who listened to the landlords and their kind.

Hannen Swaffer



In the interests of National Health

always wash his hands before meals with

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
1 tablet – 1 coupon

EVERY BOTTLE makes as many cups of good coffee as ever

'CAMP' COFFEE

FULL STRENGTH FINE FLAVOUR

LAST LAUGH

J. M. (Ayr).—"A man I know recently died during a prolonged attack of yawning." Which only goes to show what a risk a dramatic critic takes in the course of his duties.

BERT (South-East).—"I got quite a start when the alert suddenly sounded the other evening." Which, we suppose, enabled you to beat all the others in the race for the shelter?

AMATEUR (Ealing).—"When is the best time to take cuttings from rose trees which produced wonderful blooms last year?" When your neighbour isn't looking, we should say.

CHEF (West End).—"Owing to rationing, sparrow-pie is becoming very popular again." We have an idea that the sparrows themselves will beg to differ?

V. H. (Rochester).—"An American sergeant who was an acrobat before the war was photographed standing on his head." This would have the effect of making his stripes appear the right way up.

E. E. (Dundee).—"A Swiss writer says that the Fuehrer now tends to forget people, and with him it is a case of out of sight, out of mind." We have long suspected the latter.

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"As a respite from work I find a weekly symphony concert very soothing." Such a change from the daily organ recitals at the surgery.

A. L. (Iver).—"I read that when Goering and Goebbels appear in public together the latter is very much in the shade." The field-marshal, of course, provides plenty of shade.

COMEDIAN (Manchester).—"Give me a really popular song and I'll surprise you with what I can do with it." Make it unpopular?

W. N. (Wantage).—"Mussolini is no longer a political force, but it is not true he is dead." Only from the neck up.

Y. N. (Tiverton).—"Neutrals must realise that they can't have their cake and eat it." At Berne, however, the general opinion is that the Swiss rôle will be maintained.

H. J. (Yarrow).—"There will be a carpet famine after the war." Strict rationing has been in force some time for moths.

T. N. (Hendon).—"It is not generally known that cricket has been played for many years in America." One of the pioneers of the game was Stonewall Jackson.

DOCTOR (Sheffield).—"Never worry at mealtimes." But sometimes that's the only method of mastering the meat ration.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill's plan for the application of Allied justice after the war has been rejected by those who have the matter in hand

Side-Slips

DAILY EXPRESS:—". . . he is 28, nearly two years married, tough, and CURLY EARED."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . result in long funeral PROFESSIONS southwards along the. . . ."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—". . . an open wagon and a special wagon carrying a LOAN carefully concealed. . . ."

REDDITCH INDICATOR:—"Nearly half a million books have been sent to British PASSENGERS of war in Europe. . . ."

ABERDEEN PRESS:—". . . said that British Restaurants in many PLANES fill a very obvious need."

EVENING NEWS:—"Long queues formed outside shops in Woolwich and Charlton, but THREE were ample supplies for all customers."

NORTHERN TELEGRAPH:—"The Premier LAUNCHED with the King at Buckingham Palace."

"BULLETS" 1,431

£50 and Radio 1st Prize

P. H. Mirams, 20, Lawn Rd., Stafford, Staffs, for this "Bullet":

SICKENING THUD
EACH GRAIN, HITLER'S HOUR-GLASS

£10 plus Gold Watch:

J. T. Law, 42, Ashfield Grove, Burnley. Changed Everything—This War—Will Peace?

£5 plus Gold Watch:

A. F. Sharp, 5, Montpelier Rise, Wembley, Middx. One Of The Paratroops—Churchill, But For "Harness."

£4: W. J. Jury, 19, Calf St., Torrington. Heaven Help Hitler When—Passing *Justice's* "Raised Hand."

£3: E. M. Austin, 45, High St., Wellington. Our Destroy—Cure Bodies—Curse Forms.

£2: Mrs. M. G. Wilderspin, 19, Ivanhoe, Mookerton. In The Train—Of War, *Little* "Standing."

30s.: M. Molloy, 9, Taylor St., Cowpen, Blyth. Changed Everything—Hitler—Now, Changed *Hitler!*

30s.: J. Yeadon, 99, Bradford Rd., Idle, Bradford. Belle Of The Factory—Given Job—Finishes Tools!

24s.: J. Moss, 15, The Green, Calne. Auntie's Cat—Formerly "Winston"—Now, "Winnie"!

20s.: W. Herridge, 4, Parkstone Rd., Poole. This War—Sees One—Sergeant, Teetotaller!

20s.: A. H. Pugh, 148, Parry Rise, S.E.22. Auntie's Cat—Keeps Vet's Telephone "Purring."

A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS, X-WORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of "Bulletin" and "Gazette" whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers from issue dated Saturday, July 8.

X-words No. 322. WINNING WORDS: 1. GARRIS or GORRIS. 2. WHIN. 3. HUNT. 4. LOBBY 5. SURE. 6. PAPER. 7. TEG. 8. TURN. 9. ANTS. 10. CREAM. 11. FIST. 12. SMART. 13. RATCH 14. SCRAP.

LAUGH-LINES No. 178. KEY LETTERS E—J—C—H.

PRODUCTION RESTRICTED

Mobile Unit! Gillette in battledress certainly gets around—however tough the going. The Blue Gillette Blades have gone to man the guns—for the duration. But the Standard Gillette Blades are carrying on. Of fine steel finely tempered—they dispatch the stubbornest beard in true Gillette fashion.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d. each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

VICTORY RIDES . . .

WITH **ABERDALE** PRECISION BUILT CYCLES

ABERDALE CYCLE CO. LTD., EDMONTON LONDON N 18

GREATEST OF THESE

● Bombs don't pick and choose. Among the victims of the latest wave of German terrorism against our shores are men who had already suffered bitterly from the hardships of war.

Men who had fought for their country—for us—till wounds or disease brought them honourable discharge from the Forces.

Men who, back in "civvies," were too ill to work and had to pawn cherished possessions in order to keep their families from the anguish of debt and hunger.

Men whose little homes are now being wrecked by an enemy whose fury mounts with every defeat on the battlefield.

JOHN BULL wants to help all ex-Servicemen—and their brave wives and children—whose misfortunes are no fault of their own. And we want you to make that help possible.

You will—we know you will—send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If you add your name and address as well, we'll gladly return an acknowledgment, though anonymous donations are no less welcome. On request, we'll send a copy of the current week's subscriptions, from which not a penny is ever deducted for administrative expenses. All we receive, in fact, is pooled and allocated equitably among all the deserving cases on our books.

So, *please*, send now!

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AFTER THE WAR

Small and medium-sized businesses in all branches of industry and trade must have every opportunity of contributing, by their enterprise and initiative, towards the nation's economic well-being after the war. They must be given full support in developing British trade at home or in overseas markets.

Changes due to war conditions call for a far-sighted policy concerning the financial aid they may need. This Bank, through its branch managers, will therefore be prepared to consider enquiries from promising undertakings, whether old or new, conducted under good management. It will base its consideration of each proposal as much upon the prospective borrower's integrity and business capacity as upon his material resources.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

ITS LATHER STAYS ACTIVE AND MOIST RIGHT TO THE END OF THE SHAVE

7½D PER STICK (*includes purchase tax*)

✱ *Include one in the parcels you send to your menfolk in the Services*

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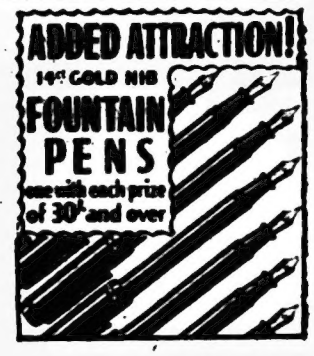
GRAND NEW PRIZES
WITH CASH and RADIO for BULLETS

NEW prizes of superb 44-piece Sets of Cutlery this week—with fat cheques, Fountain Pens, Postal Orders and hundreds of other prizes for good *Bullets!*

Read the simple instructions below, post your coupon not later than Monday, July 17, and you may well be amongst the 1,061 winners.



HOW TO WIN

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any *Example* below.

For instance, Sergeant R. Walsh selected the *Example* THE MAN RESPONSIBLE from a recent list. Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, THE MAN RESPONSIBLE — BISMARCK? KAISER? HITLER? *HUN*!

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest *Bullets* Result on page 14.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

WAY—THE WAR'S GOING
MONTY'S JOB
WITHOUT A PILOT
IN A TOUGH SPOT
LIKE WINSTON
EVIL THINGS
MAN WHO CAN TALK
HAS TO BE CAREFUL
BABY ARRIVED AND
SPOILT DARLING
STRANGE AND WONDERFUL
IN SAFETY
CRYING NEED
RUNNING A BUSINESS
ANOTHER SURPRISE
WHAT IT'S WORTH

ON SECOND THOUGHTS
WORKS WONDERS
FIRST-CLASS ROW
IF WALLS COULD SPEAK

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

IN A LITTLE .....
MARCHING TO .....
FOR EVERY .....
LOOKING FOR .....
VICTORY'S .....
OUT OF THE .....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 29.

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,435

Signed .....
Address .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, JULY 17

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,435—"JOHN BULL," LORD ADRE, LONDON, W.8.9 (Comp.).

Factory Fire Causes Shortage Of Camouflage Material

A RECENT factory fire destroyed enough camouflage material to cover 6,000 guns—and this at a time when every ounce of war supplies is vital to victory! There's a fire every other minute, somewhere in Britain—but don't imagine you couldn't start one. Most fires are caused by people who never caused a fire before. So, whenever you throw away a match or cigarette-end, always make sure that it's out—really out.

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

INDIGESTION?

GRIPPED WITH PAIN? TWO RENNIES AND YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN!

Are you afraid to eat because you know you'll have to suffer for it afterwards? Or does indigestion pounce on you every so often, like a bolt from the blue?

Either way, there's no need to stand for that sort of nonsense. Indigestion can never catch you out, so long as you keep Rennies handy—and you can carry Rennies with you wherever you go, because they're individually wrapped tablets. All you have to do is pop a couple of pleasant-tasting Rennies into your mouth and suck them like sweets, one after the other. And in record time the excess acid that's causing the trouble is neutralized by Rennies' 15 wonderful ingredients. Simple, isn't it?

Get Rennies from your chemist to-day. If they don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 25 for 7d. TAX INCL.

'D' DAY for NAAFI

Four years ago it was "D" for Dunkirk.

Now it is "D" for the Day — the day the Allies are storming into Europe. It is also "D" day for Naafi — zero hour for the greatest canteen "exercise" in history. In these decisive weeks, Naafi will march close upon the heels of Britain's invasion army, pledged to serve the fighting men, whenever they pause for rest and refreshment.

Invasion is no new experience for Naafi. Crete . . . Greece . . . North Africa . . . Sicily . . . Salerno . . . Anzio — in all these hazardous landings, Naafi men and supplies "shadowed" the assault troops.

To Naafi, the opening of the Second Front means the crucial test of many months of careful planning and well-kept secrets. It means movement orders for thousands of tons of canteen goods; it means "action stations" for thousands of canteen men and girls trained and held in readiness; it means the Naval Canteen Service operating at full capacity; it means "stand to" for a fleet of mobile canteens, for Second Front concert parties, and for follow-up Naafi services. Difficulties and obstacles will abound, but they will be overcome so that at the end it may be said with truth that from "D" day to "V" day Naafi pressed forward, dedicated to the service of Britain's fighting forces.

NAAFI

NAVY, ARMY & AIR FORCE INSTITUTES
RUXLEY TOWERS, CLAYGATE, ESHER, SURREY

WHY CATS LEAVE HOME

"Listen to her calling me. Can't she see I'm not well? I'll go and live in the woods!"

"Rats, mice and mousetraps, it's Tibs! I've wronged her all the time. Aren't I glad I came back after all."

"Go and live in the woods? Not this feline! There's no Tibs in them ther woods and I know when I'm well off."

TIBS *Keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule: one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists. 7d. for 9, or 1/6 for 21.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd., Southport. 11P

IT GOES M··e··e··h You can get your Murphy set mended more quickly by telling your Murphy Dealer what the 'symptoms' are. You can save more time by taking the set to him. And if you get a copy of "Keep It Going" (6d. from your Murphy Dealer) you may be able to put it right yourself. If you can't find your Murphy Dealer write to us. We'll either find you a Dealer or tell you when to send your set to us. Don't send your set unless we tell you. Between us we'll see that your Murphy set is kept in action. But calls are many and skilled men are scarce, so please help all you can.

your Murphy dealer will see you through

MURPHY RADIO LTD. · WELWYN GARDEN CITY · HERTS.
C.R.C.10

Beautiful.. Beguiling.. But..

The most promising friendships seem to lead nowhere—when any one's guilty of Oral Offence. Make your attractiveness complete! Use Colgate Dental Cream for a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence instantly!*

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QUICK PENETRATING FOAM
POLISHES SAFELY

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

1/1 *Including Tax*

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Make one blade last a year with a

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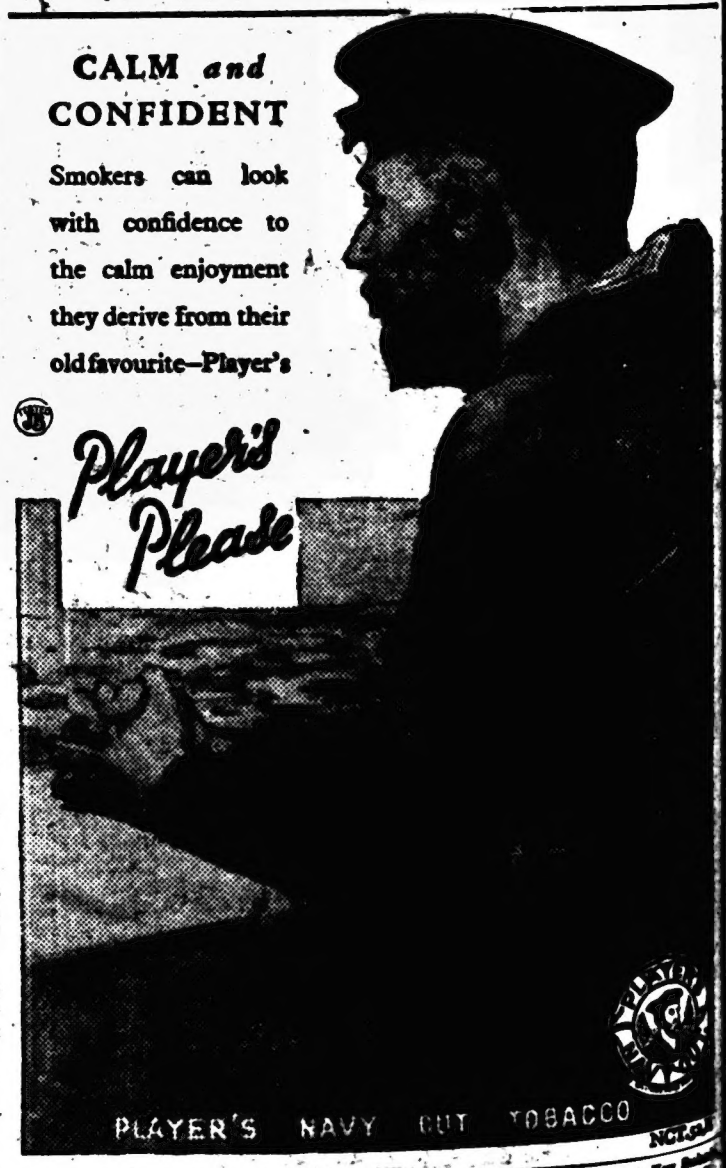

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

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